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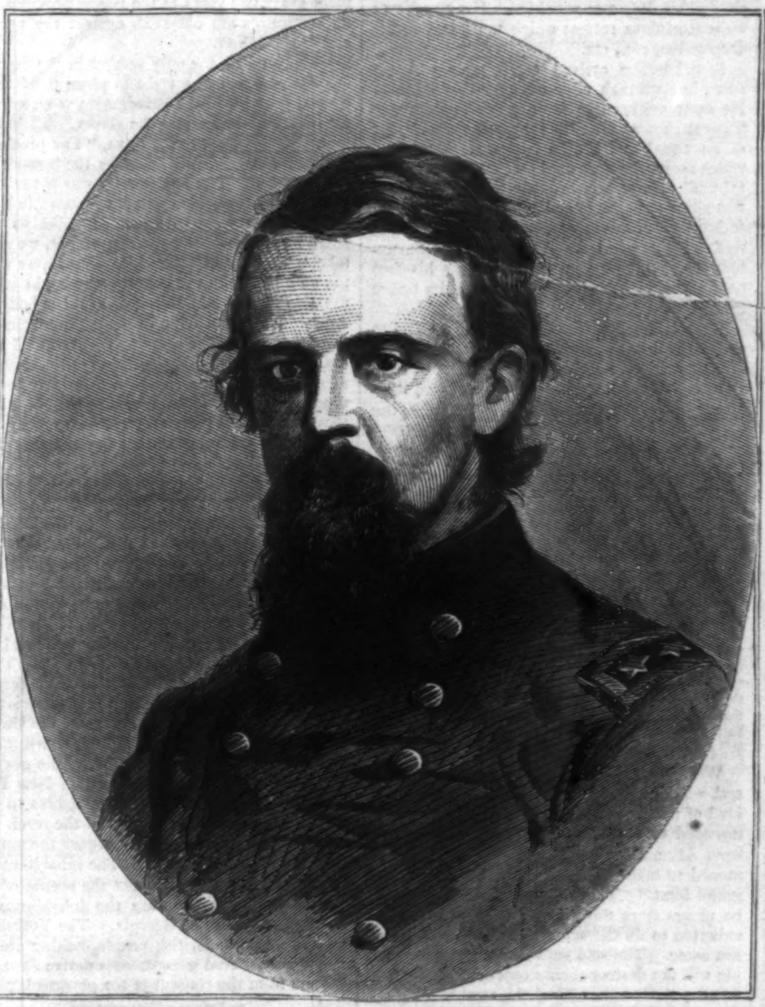
THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

After the failure of the first attempt against Fort Fisher in December, the fleet returned to Beaufort to await further orders from the President and Secretary of the Navy. Admiral Porter still remained confident that a persistent effort to capture the fort would succeed. The reports obtained from prisoners indicated that in case an assault had been ventured by General Butler it would have been crowned with success. How far Lieutenant-General Grant coincided with this opinion we do not know. But he was so far dissatisfied with Butler's conduct of the expedition that at his suggestion that officer was removed. General Grant certainly believed that if the fort could not be taken by assault, there were other means which would insure its capture. It was unlike him to give the expedition up after having once undertaken it. And what was of still greater importance, Wilmington *must* be taken in order to secure for General Sherman a convenient water base in North Carolina for co-operation with the armies about Richmond. General Grant's plan for the next campaign is a comprehensive one, and the capture of Fort Fisher was an essential preliminary upon which many minor details of that campaign depend. In one way or another the capture must be accomplished, and the sooner the better.

It was taken for granted by the rebels that the attempt would not be repeated—at least not in connection with a land-force. Hoke's rebel division was therefore withdrawn from Federal Point. This conviction of security was doubtless increased by the opinion publicly expressed by General Weitzel that the rebel work was impregnable by assault. The result also of the first bombardment, though it was pronounced terrific, was not such as to give a merely naval attack any hope of success.

In the mean time the military division of the expedition was considerably reinforced. General Butler's force had numbered 6500. To these another brigade was added, and to General Terry was given the command of the division.

Orders to move from Beaufort were received January 11. No warning was given to the enemy by delay, and the weather favored a prompt movement. The fleet arrived off Federal Point on the morning of the 13th, and the troops were landed with twelve days' provisions in the afternoon. The naval engagement commenced at 7.30 A.M. Admiral Porter sent in the *New Ironsides*, in whose lead followed four Monitors—the *Saugus*, *Canonicus*, *Monadnock*, and *Mahopac*. These came within a thousand yards of the fort, and drew its fire in order to ascertain the position of its guns as a guide to their own fire. This bombardment began to tell soon upon the southern angle of Fort Fisher. The traverses began to disappear, and one after another the guns were silenced. "By way of letting the enemy know that we did not intend to take any unfair advantage of him by using the iron vessels alone," Porter ordered the wooden ships, led by the *Brooklyn*, to advance to the attack. These performed their part "in the handsomest manner; not a mistake was committed except firing too rapidly and making too much smoke." At night the wooden vessels retired, and the iron-clads fired irregularly all night. A good portion of the troops were landed, and were within a mile and a half of the fort, occupying a line along the entire width of the peninsula. A 15-inch gun burst during the day on the *Mahopac*, wounding three persons, two of whom were officers.



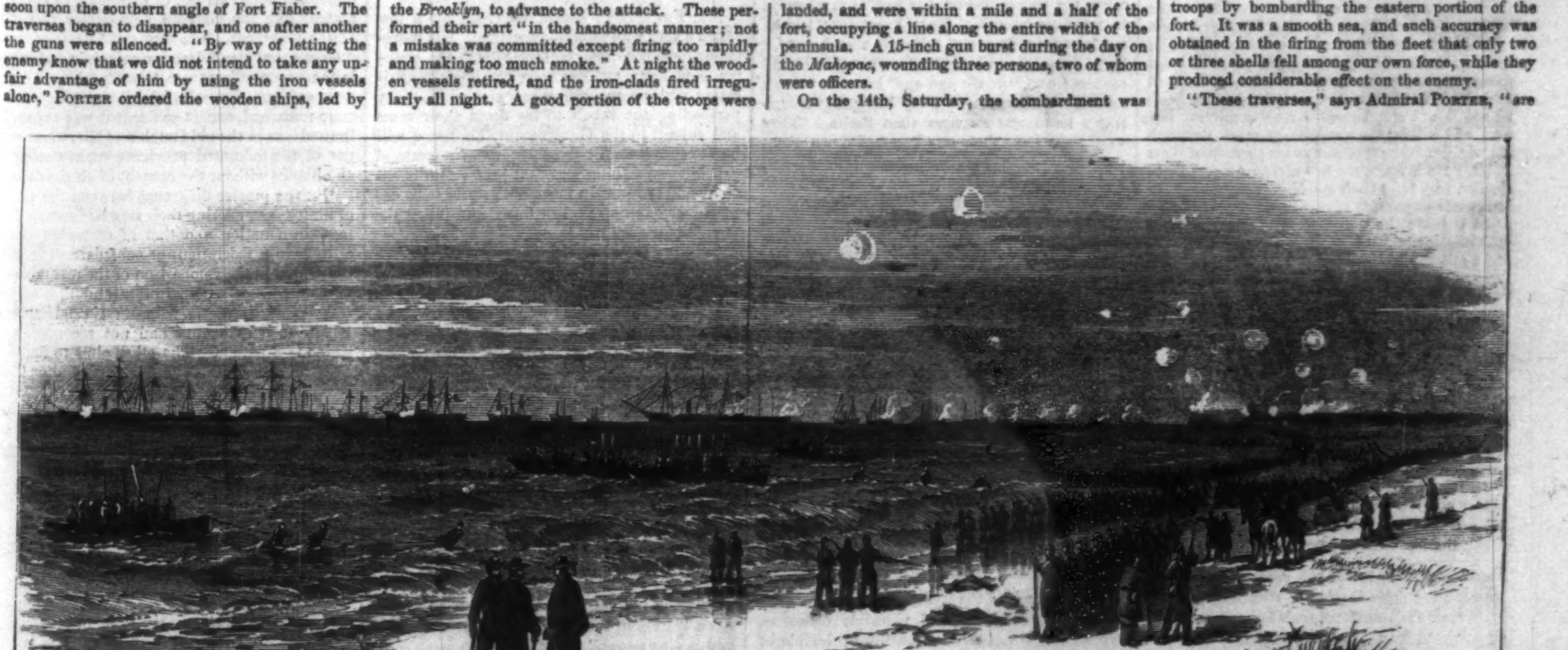
GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY.—Photographed by Anthony.—[See Page 76.]

On the 14th, Saturday, the bombardment was renewed and kept up till sunset, when, says Admiral Porter, "the fort was reduced to a pulp." During the day a careful reconnoissance was made by General Terry, who determined to risk an assault on the following day.

On the 15th, arrangements having been made between the naval and military commanders for the proposed assault, all the vessels of the fleet united in a heavy fire, which was kept up until 3 o'clock P.M. This was the time fixed upon for the assault. Terry had placed Paine's Division of colored soldiers along the line facing Wilmington, while Ames's Division, supported by fourteen hundred marines, advanced to the assault. The naval brigade was under the command of Commander K. R. Breese. Lieutenant Cushing was one of the company commanders. This column advanced against the seaward front of the fort on the left. During the past hour or two the bombardment had been unusually terrific, the sailors in the mean while having laid down behind partial breast-works. But the moment the fleet ceased firing and the marines rose to their feet the garrison of the fort, numbering over two thousand, appeared on the parapet. This was evidently thought by the rebels to be the main column of the assault, and the whole available force of the fort was turned against them. Before this fire the troops began at length to waver. The men fell thick and fast, some of them being rolled by the surf into the water. Here the brave Lieutenants Preston and Porter fell. This column was repulsed amidst the cheers of the rebel garrison. This repulse was owing to a lack of organization among the marines. It was intended that the party boarding the parapet should be covered by marines and sharp-shooters in the trenches which had been dug within 200 yards of the fort. No such support was given, and the assault failed.

In the mean time Ames's Division had already approached the western side of the fort. The garrison had been aware of their presence in the woods, but supposed that they were intended to reinforce the naval column. The movement which was really made had the effect of a surprise. The naval brigade had only been in action a few minutes when Ames's column, from the Cape Fear River side, entered the fort at the west end through the sallyport. The abbatis was scaled, and the flags of the One Hundred and Seventeenth New York and the Thirteenth Indiana, of General Curtis's Brigade, were quickly planted on the fifth and sixth traverses of the fort. Behind the sixth traverse the enemy made a stand, but a bold bayonet charge drove them to the seventh. The top of the eighth had been gained when the assailants were driven back into the seventh, where the fighting lasted over an hour, when, at a given signal, Porter aided the troops by bombarding the eastern portion of the fort. It was a smooth sea, and such accuracy was obtained in the firing from the fleet that only two or three shells fell among our own force, while they produced considerable effect on the enemy.

"These traverses," says Admiral Porter, "are



LANDING OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS ABOVE FORT FISHER, January 13, 1865.

immense bomb-proofs, about sixty feet long, fifty feet wide, and twenty feet high—seventeen of them in all—being on the northeast face. Between each traverse or bomb-proof are one or two heavy guns. The fighting lasted until ten o'clock at night, the *Ironsides* and Monitors firing through the traverses in advance of our troops, and the level strip of land called Federal Point being enfiladed by the ships to prevent reinforcements reaching the rebels."

At four o'clock one half the fort was in our possession. This position was maintained until the arrival of reinforcements, when another charge was made at nine o'clock. This drove the garrison toward the end of the Point, making here and there a stand at the water-batteries, until they were pushed to the extremity, when they surrendered. At that time both General WHITING and Colonel LAMB, who conducted the defense of the fort, were lying wounded in one of the bomb-proofs of the water-batteries. Our losses had been great—how great it is impossible now to say with accuracy. It has been estimated at 900, but this includes the naval loss also, as well as the casualties from the explosion of the magazine the next morning. The naval brigade lost one hundred and seventy men. In the military division every one of the three commanders of the brigades engaged in the assault—CURTIS, PENNYBACKER, and BELL—were wounded. The last of these has died.

The scene which followed upon the surrender was brilliant beyond description. The hearty cheer from the captured fort was echoed from the entire fleet. From every vessel rockets were thrown up into the air, filling the sky with brightness. No one had escaped from the fort to tell the tale of disaster. Nineteen hundred prisoners were taken and seventy-two guns. The fort had been manned with 2300 men, 400 of whom were killed or wounded.

The next morning after the capture of the fort a terrible accident occurred, which somewhat marred the cheer of victory. By some most culpable negligence the soldiers were allowed to approach the magazine of the fort with lighted candles. This occasioned an explosion at 8 o'clock A.M., which resulted in a loss of about 200 men. This loss fell chiefly upon three regiments—the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth and One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, and the Fourth New Hampshire. Colonel ALONZO ALDEN, of the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth, had both his legs broken, and is reported dead.

Later advices from Admiral PORTER confirm the report that Fort Caswell, on Oak Island, had been blown up by the enemy. This work commanded the Old Inlet, was built of granite, and mounted a large number of guns. The rebel steamers *Tallahassee* and *Chickamauga* had also been blown up. Admiral PORTER states his loss at 21 officers killed and wounded, and 309 men.

In his report the Admiral says: "I have since visited Fort Fisher and its adjoining works, and find their strength greatly beyond what I had conceived. An engineer might be excusable in saying they could not be captured except by regular siege. I wonder even now how it was done. The work, as I said before, is really stronger than the Malakoff Tower, which defied so long the combined power of France and England; and yet it is captured by a handful of men, under the fire of the guns of the fleet, and in seven hours after the attack commenced in earnest."

"The success," he adds, "is so great that we should not complain. Men, it seems, must die that this Union may live; and the Constitution under which we have gained our prosperity must be maintained. We regret our companions in arms, and shed a tear over their remains; but if these rebels should succeed we would have nothing but regret left us, and our lives would be spent in terror and sorrow."

General TERRY has added another to his well-won laurels by the success of his assault on Fort Fisher. At the capture of Fort Pulaski, at the battle of Pocotaligo, in the operations which led to the capture of Morris Island and Fort Wagner, in the tedious campaign of last summer upon the James, he has taken a distinguished part. And now the country resounds over his last and most brilliant achievement at Fort Fisher. Although not a graduate of West Point, he was in youth a military student, and entered the war with as much thorough knowledge of the art of war as his peers from West Point. He is about six feet and two inches high, slender, with bright hair and blue eyes, and a grave but gentle expression of countenance. As modest as he is brave, he well merits Admiral PORTER'S enthusiastic praise as "the beau-ideal of a soldier and a general." Connecticut has given to the war LYON, SEDGWICK, MANSFIELD, FOOTE, and WINTHROP, but of none may she be more justly proud than of the hero of Fort Fisher.

FREE MISSOURI.

BEHOLD, along the rugged battle-ways,
Freedom with yet another trophy comes;
Comes joyously, 'mid blare of throbbing drums,
And trumpets pealing jocund notes of praise.

Missouri's free! No more shall lash and chain
Her symbols be the sisterhood among;
No more the shadow of her shame be flung
Along the North-tides hurrying to the main.

No more shall Ruin bar the poor man's gate,
Or wasted fields in ghastly silence lie;
No more shall murdered souls for vengeance cry,
Or bondmen for the purple morning wait.

No more! Already on each drowsy height,
And through the age-locked, rusted prison-doors,
That promised dawn its golden splendor pours,
Expelling all the shadows of the night!

Missouri's free! God bless her hair of gold—
Last, fairest daughter of dear Freedom's flock—
And set *all* feet at last upon the Rock
The Fathers found in the brave days of old!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.

MORE "BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE" AT HAND.

AS General SHERMAN enters upon his new campaign the enemy in the region toward which he will probably advance begins the same cry that it did in Georgia. When he moved out of Atlanta he was saluted in two hostile keys, one of rage, the other of ridicule. The horrible things that he meant to do, the hopeless slavery to which the people were to be subjected, the desolation which was to blight the country, these were made the spurs to frantic appeals to hem him in, to hunt him down, and destroy the savage and his hosts. On the other hand, he was a cornered fox obliged to run into a trap. The hopelessness of his undertaking showed his desperate condition. His march was an ignominious retreat which must end in his destruction, etc., etc.

Somehow he arrived comfortably and sat down in Savannah after an agreeable journey. He came neither like ALARIC nor TIMOUR THE TARTAR, but as the firm supporter and restorer of an equal and benign Government, against which those who were anxious that others should "hunt" him had causelessly rebelled. There was never a march of so large an army through so hostile a country that devastated so little and was so little molested. After resting at Savannah the invincible General now turns his face northward, and the cry that greeted him before again breaks forth.

Here is a specimen of the frenzied effort to excite the South Carolinians against him. It is a letter written to a Charleston newspaper, from Pocotaligo, just before SHERMAN occupied it:

> "SHERMAN and his thieves and robbers have sworn that South Carolina shall be annihilated. His corps commanders have spoken it to the wife of one of our generals—unavoidably left at Savannah—from whose lips I heard it. And it has been reiterated from the mouth of every prisoner brought into our lines. Not a chip, they say, is to be left behind them unconsumed. Neither will respect be paid to youth, beauty, or age. 'Booty and beauty,' the original war-cry with which South Carolina was threatened, is to be re-echoed upon her soil. Unless our people have submitted themselves to be Yankee task-masters and slaves, these fiends incarnate will be driven howling from their borders. Let youth and age alike prepare for the conflict. Let the march of the enemy upon our own soil be rendered perilous by the crack of the unerring rifle from the midst of every thicket and swamp which lies in his pathway; and let our women, instead of exhibiting timidity, nervousness, and panic, prove themselves worthy representatives of those of '76. The tree of liberty must be watered by the blood of its martyrs, and the fair hand and gentle but fearless soul of woman must nurture and strengthen it."

We had all this two months ago in Georgia, and what do we now see? We see that this kind of talk is not believed by those whom it is intended to affect. When SHERMAN marched from Atlanta the people of Georgia were summoned to take shot-guns and assemble for "a grand hunt." They did not come. Now that he moves from Savannah, the Carolinians are exhorted to do the same thing. But they will not come. The soldiers will fight, but the people will not destroy their stores or desolate their country. Georgia offered the most eligible opportunity for the last ditch, and it was not accepted. Savannah surrendered. Why? Because the people disbelieved just such rhetoric as we have quoted. They knew that SHERMAN'S motto was *not* "Booty and beauty." They knew he and his men were *not* thieves and robbers; and "youth and age" had no stomach for useless slaughter. They knew that SHERMAN'S hand was stronger than theirs. They would not have their city battered down about their ears. They differed from JEFF DAVIS, and preferred Yankees to hyenas. So Savannah surrendered. "Amen!" sighed the papers that had urged the hunt, "it is a blessing in disguise."

There is no reason to suppose that SHERMAN'S task will be more difficult in Carolina than in Georgia, except from the greater number of veteran troops which will possibly be concentrated against him. It is understood, however, that he is no weaker, to say the least, than he was in Georgia; and as his movement is but a part of GRANT'S combined operations, the enemy will be perplexed where to weaken his line, when every point is equally important.

SHERMAN is a blessing who disguises himself so impenetrably that the rebels are in the most delightful doubt at what precise point the benediction will burst upon them.

THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED.

THE friends of the rebellion are not yet quite weary of asking, with a plausible calmness, whether it is not the fundamental principle of our system that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed.

> "We knew by the distant random gun
> That the foe were sullenly firing."

And since they are not weary of asking we must not falter in answering.

It *is* the American doctrine, then, that government justly exists by the consent of the governed. And in this country who are the governed? Are they the citizens of any State or section, of any county or city? Obviously not; they are the whole people of the country. No part of the population has any more right to call itself the people and claim the privileges of the people than the tailors of Tooley Street had to call themselves the people of England.

The Government of the United States exists by the consent of the people of the United States. It is the same people which spoke of itself in the Declaration of Independence in saying, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for *one people* to dissolve the political bonds," etc. This people is the united population of all the States; and those of them who live in the State of Maine or in all the New England States combined, or in Ohio or all the Western States, or in Maryland or the Middle States, or in the Carolinas or the Southern States, can not assume to speak for the people of which they are a small portion. The Constitution provides for any necessary expression of the popular will, and by referring the government every two years to the people provides, if its guarantees are observed, against the necessity of revolution.

This being so, the only persons in the Southern States who had a right to plead the fundamental doctrine of the government as an excuse for taking up arms were the slaves. They had an undoubted right to say to us, "You proclaim that government justly exists by the consent of the governed. But our consent was never asked, and is disregarded without reasonable hope of peaceful redress. If you will give us our share in the government, well; if not, we shall take it by force if we can." The slaves were the only people in the country who could justly use this language. But how could a body of American citizens living in the Southern States, who had exactly the same privileges as all others, and who had held possession of the Government almost uninterruptedly from the beginning, rush to arms after an election in which they had taken part, and refuse to obey the laws, under the pretense that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed?

Our enemies in England are very fond of this argument; but if the supporters of the Chicago platform and candidates at the late election should declare themselves dissatisfied with the result, refuse their consent to Mr. LINCOLN'S election, and justify resistance to the laws upon the ground that governments exist by the consent of the governed, would our English cavilers say that upon our own principles we could not complain? Such objectors will agree that there is a British people, and that they have certain rights. Let them understand that there is also an American people, or a people of the United States, and that it is *their* consent, constitutionally expressed, which is the basis of the government of this country. The city of New York may, without an opposing voice, resolve to disobey the laws of the country, but the result will merely be that the city will conquer the nation, or will be conquered by it. The inhabitants of the city of New York are not the people of the United States, neither are the inhabitants of South Carolina or of Georgia. The Yorkshiremen are not the British people, neither are the Londoners. And governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

PEACE-MAKING.

MR. FRANCIS P. BLAIR has been for a few weeks a very conspicuous personage. His movements have been telegraphed through the country, and his name has been persistently associated with peace. If he can give us peace by persuading the rebels to lay down their arms and submit to the Government, his name will be sweet forever in the memory of a grateful people. Any thing else that he may do is entirely unimportant in itself, but greatly to be deplored as exciting foolish hopes and filling the popular ear with wind.

But the *Tribune* takes a different view. We mention the name because we do not remember to have seen so extraordinary a remark in any other journal as the one we are about to quote. The honest loyalty of the *Tribune* is not to be questioned of course. But its performances upon the subject of peace are truly remarkable. A series of extracts from its columns, containing an expression at various times of its pacific expectations and prophecies, would be almost incredible.

But all of them are comparatively unimportant by the side of its remark a few days since that, even if Mr. BLAIR should fail to effect a pacification, which it said it did not much expect, "he will yet have done his country a signal service by assuring the South that our Government is not vindictive, *and does not insist on an unconditional surrender*, but is ready and eager to co-operate in the restoration of an honorable and lasting peace."

If this means any thing whatever, it means that the Government of the United States is willing to make a conditional peace with armed rebels. In other words, when citizens, displeased with the result of an election, take up arms, they are to understand that the Government will yield. They need not unconditionally obey the laws and submit to the Government, but they shall prescribe the terms of their obedience. The *Tribune*, in the words we quote, substantially says that, if Mr. BLAIR can persuade the South that the Government will concede the success of the rebellion, he will have done his country a signal service. But how can he serve his country by announcing a premium upon rebellion?

The pernicious folly of such talk is beyond calculation. The Government *does* insist on an unconditional surrender. That was the exact issue before the people in the late election. There was to be no compromising, no compounding, no convention, no waving of olive boughs, but the authority of the Government was to be unconditionally maintained. The whole country understood it. The rebels understood it. The world understood it. And, accordingly, in his Message to Congress, a month after the country had almost unanimously declared for an unconditional surrender of the rebels, the President said, "They can, at any moment, have peace simply by laying down their arms and submitting to the national authority under the Constitution." By what authority does the *Tribune* immediately say that the Government does not insist on an unconditional surrender?

The question of the conditions of peace is perfectly simple. There is no need of supposing or of arguing that any thing is to be accomplished by mysterious missions. There is nothing to be concealed. The Government can have nothing to say to any rebel that it has not already said to the country; and if it should have, it can not say it so effectively as by declaring it publicly and by an authorized minister. As for humanity and fraternity, they are both most truly served by a quiet insistence upon the only means which can secure a humane and fraternal and permanent peace; while those who think that we do not show a disposition for peace unless we constantly ask JEFFERSON DAVIS whether he will give it up, are those who really think the Government ought not to make war. Nor need we indulge a visionary hope of widening any breach among the leading rebels. How can that be done by any man who merely repeats what the leading rebels already know? and if any body says more than that he takes a different ground from that of the President in his Message.

One thing is indisputable; if any agent or private visitor to Richmond tells any rebel that the Government of the United States does not insist upon an unconditional surrender, he does all he can to disgrace his country and to prolong the war.

"NATIONAL" OR "FEDERAL."

IN civil war words are things. This war of ours is to determine whether we are a nation, with national sovereignty and powers; or merely a league, covenant, or federation of separate sovereign States. To every loyal man this proposition has very much the air of a truism. But there is a curious and frequent heedlessness of its truth in practice. Many of our officers and orators and editors constantly speak of the Government as the Federal Government, and the army and navy as the Federal army and navy. The national cause itself is often described as the Federal cause.

Now a federation and a confederation are historically very much the same thing. The states of Greece were leagued, or federated, or confederated, like the German monarchies and the Dutch provinces. The terms of federation were different, but the federative principle in history is the union of separate sovereignties for common safety. The absolute sovereignty of the state remained, except so far as it was expressly limited—as in the old Dutch republic, where any one of the federated provinces could not make an alliance without the consent of all the others.

But the precise difference between the action of States surrendering their separate sovereignty to form a nation and that of sovereign States uniting in a federation, or confederacy, is fully illustrated in the comparison of the preamble of the United States Constitution and that of the Rebel Constitution. The first establishes a Union such as history had not recorded, and which is a nation. The other aims to found a Federation, or Confederacy. Thus in our Constitution it is written—and by the very words used the prospective existence of a nation is assumed, which even in the fundamental act of its creation speaks in its national character—"We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union," etc., etc., "do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

On the other hand, the rebels—who repudiate the national existence, and assert that the Union is only a League, or Confederacy, or Federation—involuntarily abandon their interpetation of the Constitution in forming their League. For if the Constitution of the United States is evidently merely a federative bond between sovereign States, why change the phraseology in forming a similar bond for some of the same States? The rebel argument is weakened by the change, for it seems to show not only a doubt, but a tolerably strong conviction, that their interpretation is wrong. Thus in the Montgomery Constitution of the so-called "Confederate States of America" the preamble reads: "We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character, in order to form a permanent federal government," etc., etc., "do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Confederate States of America."

Here the rebels say exactly what they mean, and what the people of the United States, who made the Constitution, neither meant nor said. This instrument is the bond of a league of sovereign States, or federation. Ours is the act of people residing in several States creating a nation. Now the war justifies itself, in the rebel mind, upon the ground that the Union is not a nation, but a federation; and the deplorably confused condition of public sentiment at the time the secession movement began was greatly owing to the loose way in which this nation had been called a federation or a confederacy. If it were only that, there might be some question as to the power of the Federal or Confederated Government. If it had, on the other hand, always been our care to speak of ourselves as a nation, and we had properly regarded the powers of the Government as national and supreme, we should have escaped much of that panic of wonder and hesitation during which the national Government might easily have been overthrown.

The difference between nation and confederacy is vital. If we had been a federation, undoubtedly Mr. PENDLETON and his peace party are correct in saying that it is neither lawful nor desirable to resist secession by force. In that case, also, the word federal properly describes the Government, and therefore it is used by the rebel organ in the city of New York, and by all our foreign enemies. But why should generals who are fighting for the nation against a Confederacy to be created from a part of the fragments of the nation, and orators who are pleading for it, and editors who are writing for it, persist in using a word which merely expresses the rebel theory of our Government, and is in itself a partial palliation of their conduct? As we are not a confederated group of States but a nation, a rebellion against the Government must either overthrow it or be utterly overthrown. Since we mean nation, let us say nation.

THE SOLDIERS' REST.

EVERY traveler by the New York and New Haven Railroad has had occasion to observe the total want of a *Soldiers' Rest*, or comfortable quarters for the soldiers constantly going and coming by that route, where they can have a pleasant shelter and simple refreshment. Especially now when the railroads seem to be pretty much worn out, and when the connections are seldom made, there are many soldiers daily arriving from the East and going to Washington, who frequently find themselves with four or five hours on their hands; or coming from Washington, homeward bound, ill perhaps, or wounded, or weak in early convalescence—and for all these there is no kind of adequate provision. The New England rooms are devoted to other purposes, and there are other institutions which serve other ends.

The subject has enlisted the sympathy of many who always bear the soldiers in mind, and two or three weeks since the project of founding such a Rest was discussed among several gentlemen, who instantly subscribed several hundreds of dollars; and GEORGE BLISS, Jun., 45 William Street, temporarily took charge of the subscriptions and publicly invited more. He has engaged the only suitable place near the station of the New Haven Road; and it is hoped that, by the time this little notice is printed, a responsible committee will assume the care of the whole subject.

Meanwhile, as we understand subscriptions may be sent to Mr. BLISS.

"The army and navy forever,
And three cheers for the red, white, and blue."

FROM AN ENGLISH FRIEND OF AMERICA.

ONE of the most intelligent and serviceable and conspicuous of our friends in England, who has yet doubted whether our Government could re-establish itself without some sacrifice of its intrinsic character, writes upon hearing of SHERMAN'S progress and of THOMAS'S victory:

"I am beginning to believe in what until very lately, though I always wished it, I always doubted—the feasibility of restoring the Union Government over the length and breadth of its former dominions—of restoring it, I mean, without danger to constitutional government and free institutions. The resources which Democracy has developed, both for military enterprise and civil administration—its wonderful power of adaptability to circumstances, a power even more wonderful, I think, than its tenacity of purpose and thorough-going devotion to an end once fairly resolved on—all this has, I confess, altogether transcended any thing which I had thought of, and makes me feel how entirely wanting in a true conception of the elements of the case my speculations have been.

"Let me say, however, that never was speculator better pleased at seeing his anticipations realized than I am to hail the disappointment of mine. I think I may even say that every step toward this consummation has been for me an occasion of personal exultation.

"I am sure that I need not tell you that I was exceedingly pleased with those little speeches of the President which you sent me. [Those to the serenaders just after the election.] They contain the infallible indications of a great mind. In my enthusiasm for the President I do not think I should yield even to the most ardent member of the Union League.

"I have just been reading GOLDWIN SMITH'S reply to the valedictory address of the Union League. It seems to me exceedingly good; in the tone (and this is equally the case with all his manifestations in the United States that I have seen) I think he has just hit the mark that was to be desired. I sincerely trust his visit may conduce to that which is the highest object of the best men in both countries—a more charitable mutual appreciation.

"The Canadian difficulty for the moment is a cloud on the horizon, but I can not believe that it threatens any thing serious. Judge COURSAL'S proceedings are flagrantly in error, and are very possibly dictated by corrupt bias; but the Canadian Government show every disposition to apply a drastic remedy, and Mr. LINCOLN had always expressed his confidence in their good faith."

This is the spirit of a true patriotism, free from envy, and full of generous appreciation of other nations, and of the great fact, which becomes more and more a principle of statesmanship, that it is the true interest of nations to be mutually respecting friends and not defiant rivals and foes.

MRS. HUTCHINS.

IN commenting some weeks since upon the pardon of Mrs. HUTCHINS—a woman of Baltimore who gave a sword or flag to the rebel raider GILMORE—we suggested that it would be satisfactory to know upon what grounds she was pardoned.

Since our article was published we learn that the oath has been made public to which Mrs. HUTCHINS freely and fully subscribed—an oath of such a character that she must be a very bad woman who could take it meaning to perjure herself. It is also urged that her act was only an expression of the sympathy in which she had been educated, and that five years in a common jail was a rather severe punishment for merely wishing well to the rebels.

If that were the extent of her offense we are fully agreed that it was a very severe penalty, and that it is, under the circumstances, properly remitted. But how happened she to be so heavily sentenced for such a misdemeanor?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

THE political news of the week is unimportant. The bill for the relief of our prisoners by means of retaliation is still before the Senate. The Amendatory Loan Bill was passed by the House on the 20th. On the 23d a bill passed the House reducing the duty on imported printing paper to 3 per cent. *ad valorem*. It is to be hoped that this bill will soon pass the Senate.

On our first page we give a detailed account of the capture of Fort Fisher, of which we have engraved several illustrations. In addition it should be stated that all the remaining fortifications near the mouth of Cape Fear River have come into the possession of the navy, increasing the number of guns captured to 162. The loss in the military division was 119 killed and 535 wounded—total loss 654.

General Sherman resumed operations January 14. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, under Howard, were sent to Beaufort, and from that point moved out to Pocotaligo, on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. This place was evacuated by the enemy, and our army was thus placed within 30 miles of Branchville and 50 miles of Charleston.

CONGRESS.

January 18:

In the Senate, there was a long debate on the case of General Payne, which had no practical result. A bill was reported from the Military Committee providing for the exercise of retaliation upon rebel prisoners for cruelties inflicted upon our own in Southern prisons. A resolution was passed ratifying the notice given by the President to Great Britain of the termination of the treaty of 1817 limiting the naval force on the lakes.

In the House, a resolution of inquest was adopted relative to prisoners now confined in the Old Capitol and Carroll prisons.

January 19:

In the Senate, resolutions of thanks to General Terry and Admiral Porter were passed. A bill was passed, amending the act defining the pay of army officers so that a brevet rank shall not entitle the holder to any increase of pay.

In the House, the Legislative Appropriation bill came up. An amendment was passed appropriating in addition to the $2,000,000 already appropriated $1,777,000 for procuring dies, stamps, paper, printing, and circulating Treasury notes.

January 20:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill were concurred in. One of these provides for a Minister Extraordinary to the Republic of Mexico. The Senate bill, changing the place for holding the United States Circuit and District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia from Richmond to Norfolk, was passed. The Amendatory Loan bill came up. This bill provides for no additional loan, but only changes the form of one already authorized from five-twenties to seven-thirties. The bill was passed, with an amendment restricting the issue of legal tenders. The Post-office Appropriation bill was passed. The Secretary of the Navy communicated the following facts relative to the bursting of Parrott guns at Fort Fisher. Five guns were destroyed on board the *Ticonderoga*, *Juniata*, *Mackinaw*, *Quaker City*, and *Yantic*. Forty-five persons were killed and wounded. The cause of the explosion was not fully ascertained.

January 23:

In the Senate, a communication was received from the Secretary of War, showing that the number of credits given for naval enlistments from April 17, 1861, to February 24, 1864, was 67,687. The principle was to credit these men to their places of residence.

In the House, a joint resolution was passed by a vote of 97 to 40, that in lieu of the duty on printing paper, unsized and used for books and newspapers, now levied by law, there shall be levied a three per cent. duty, *ad valorem*. A resolution of inquiry into the conduct of Mr. Field, of Louisiana, who had assaulted Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, for language used in debate, was passed, with an amendment suspending Mr. Field from any privilege which the House had hitherto extended him until the report of the Committee should be heard.

January 24:

In the Senate, the resolution relative to retaliation upon rebel prisoners for the sufferings experienced by our prisoners at the hands of the rebels was debated at length.

In the House, a good portion of the session was taken up in the consideration of Mr. Brooks's charges against General Butler. Mr. Boutwell presented documents completely relieving Butler from the charge of gold-robbery. These documents showed that all General Butler's transactions in the matter had been above-board, and were well known to the Government.

NEWS ITEMS.

Brigadier-General William H. Powell has resigned the command of the Second Cavalry Division of Sheridan's army.

Within the past few days the Department of the South, under the command of Major-General Foster, has been extended so as to embrace the States of Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina.

Desertions from Lee's army continue to increase in number and frequency, and frequently from fifty to seventy-five deserters per day are brought here on the City Point boat. They comprise not only privates but officers disgusted with the service of the played-out Confederacy. Since the 1st of January five hundred and twenty rebel deserters, all of whom came within the lines of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James, have passed through Washington.

It is reported that the rebel Secretary Seddon has resigned.

Secretary Stanton has made the following promotions, to date from the 15th inst.: Brevet Major-General Alfred H. Terry to be Major-General; Brigadier-General Adelbert Ames to be Brevet Major-General; Brevet Brigadier-General Curtis to be Brigadier-General; Colonel Louis Bell (dead) to be Brevet Brigadier-General; Colonel Pennybacker, to be Brevet Brigadier-General; Colonel Abbot, to be Brevet Brigadier-General.

A force of eight hundred men are to go from the North to Savannah immediately for the purpose of putting in running order the railroads centering in that city.

The following promotions have been made in General Sherman's army:

BREVET MAJOR-GENERALS (FULL).—William B. Hazen, Fifteenth Corps; J. M. Corse, Fifteenth Corps; Charles Woods, Fifteenth Corps; J. M. Leggett, Seventeenth Corps; John E. Smith, Seventeenth Corps; Giles A. Smith, Seventeenth Corps; A. S. Williams, Twentieth Corps; John W. Geary, Twentieth Corps; W. F. Barry, Artillery; —— Baird, Fourteenth Corps; J. H. Kilpatrick, Cavalry.

BRIGADIER-GENERALS (FULL).—Colonel J. S. Robinson, Eighty-second Ohio, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel Oliver, Fifteenth Army Corps; Colonel Mitchell, One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio, Fourteenth Army Corps; Colonel Potts, Thirty-second Ohio, Seventeenth Army Corps.

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERALS.—Colonel H. A. Barnum, One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel A. Pardee, One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel William Coggeswell, Second Massachusetts, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel Ketchum, Fifth Connecticut, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel Buell, Fifty-Eighth Indiana, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel A. Beckwith, Chief Commissary; William Woods, Seventy-sixth Ohio, Fifteenth Army Corps.

The ship *Sir John Franklin*, from Baltimore to San Francisco, went ashore at Pigeon Point on the night of the 17th inst. Captain Displeax and eleven seamen were drowned. The prevalence of a dense fog had prevented the taking of an observation for twenty-four hours.

The Army bill reported from the Committee of Ways and Means appropriates $511,280,000, of which $200,000,000 is for pay of volunteers; subsistence, $93,000,000; quartermasters' supplies, $50,000,000; incidentals, $10,000,000; horses, $21,000,000; transportation, $30,000,000; clothing and camp equipage, $50,000,000; armament of fortifications, $3,500,000; ordnance stores, $20,000,000; armament of the national army, $3,500,000; gunpowder and lead, $2,500,000. The appropriation made last year for the army amounted to $570,000,000, including $90,000,000 of deficiency.

Burleigh, the rebel raider from Canada, has been recommitted to prison.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ALTHOUGH at our latest foreign advices the news of the capture of Savannah and the full extent of Thomas's victory had but just reached England, the rebel loan had already and before the reception of the news declined ten per cent., having fallen from 62 to 52. The news of President Lincoln's repudiation of General Dix's order allayed the apprehension which that order had occasioned.

The British war steamer *Racehorse* was lost in the China seas in November. Only nine of her crew, including the commander, were saved. The remainder, 99 in number, were drowned.

The revenue of Great Britain for the year 1864 was £70,125,374 sterling—a decrease of only £308,000 as compared with 1863, notwithstanding a reduction of several millions sterling in the taxation of the country during the year.

At the New Year's reception of the Diplomatic Corps by the Emperor Napoleon the latter, in reply to the felicitations of the Papal Nuncio, expressed his trust that concord would continue to reign between them, and said that his relations with foreign Powers would be ever animated by respect for right and love of peace and justice. M. More had been received as Embassador from Spain, and the Emperor said to him that no one could contribute better than M. More to the maintenance of the intimate relations between France and Spain, to which the Emperor attached the greatest importance. Napoleon intends to be master of the situation in regard to all matters of Church as well as of State. On the 1st instant the French Minister of Justice addressed a circular to the Bishops, announcing that the Council of State was occupied in reference to the expediency of authorising the publication of that part of the Pope's Encyclical Letter which grants a Jubilee. In regard to the first part of the letter and the appendix he said that the reception and publication of these documents, which contain propositions contrary to the principles on which was based the Constitution of the Empire, could not be authorized. The French clergy were arranging the preliminaries for addressing a manifesto to the Pope, instructing him as to the unpleasant consequences of his letter in France. Prince Napoleon had been appointed Vice-President of the Privy Council.

King Emanuel of Italy, at his New Year's reception, expressed to the Parliamentary delegation a hope that the destinies of Italy would soon be accomplished. On a similar occasion the Pope addressed an allocution to the Sacred College, in which he said that in the present day robbery was committed under the pretext of nationality; but the triumph of the Church was certain.

It is said that Spain has made the following proposition its *ultimatum* to Peru: The Peruvian authorities shall disavow all participation in the outrage upon the envoy sent from Spain, and upon Spanish subjects, and shall take judicial proceedings against the authors of the violence committees. As soon as the prosecution is commenced Spain, without awaiting the result, will restore the Chinchas. The Republic shall subsequently send a plenipotentiary to conclude a treaty of commerce and amity between the two countries.

The Danish Government proposes to open the coasting trade of that country to all nations.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a ukase extending the abolition of serfdom to Transcaucasia, the only province of the Russian empire where that institution still exists.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JAMES WATT.—Watt was, from his birth, of an extremely delicate constitution, unfitted for taking part in the common sports of boys, and little prepared for those struggles with difficulties which afterward marked his career. His mother, who was a woman no less remarkable for her intelligence than for her personal graces, taught him to read when scarcely out of his infancy; and his father, who was a ship's carpenter and dealer in naval stores in Greenock, added a little writing and arithmetic. In the latter the child rapidly improved, and he was fond of working out his sums with a pencil upon scraps of paper, or more commonly with a piece of chalk upon the floor—sometimes his only amusement when the severe headaches to which he was subject compelled his parents to keep him at home. On one occasion, when he was bending over a stone hearth with the usual piece of chalk, a visitor who was present remarked to the father, "The boy ought to be sent to a public school, and not permitted to idle away his time at home." "Look at what my child is doing before you blame him," returned the father. The child of six years of age was endeavoring to solve a problem in geometry. Another time he was scolded by his aunt Muirhead, while taking tea with the Watts, for his assumed indolence. "Jemmy," said the worthy lady, solemnly, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are. Pray take a book and employ yourself usefully: for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again; holding now a cup and now a spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, catching and counting the drops it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?" The little James playing with the tea-kettle, observes M. Arago, who tells this story, became the mighty engineer preparing the discoveries which were to immortalize him.

A SAILOR'S LOVE OF FAIR PLAY.—In a shipyard the other day, a tar from a man-o'-war was observed watching two men dragging a seven-foot cross-cut saw through a huge oak log. The saw was dull, the log very tough, and there they went, see-saw, see-saw; pull, push; push, pull. Jack studied the matter over a while, until he came to the conclusion that they were pulling to see who would get the saw; and as one was an immense big chap while the other was a little fellow, he decided to see fair play; so, giving the big one a blow under the ear that capsized him, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, he sung out, "Now run, you beggar!"

SWISS PASSENGER CARS.—In Switzerland nothing can be more convenient than a railway carriage, to which the traveler gains access by ascending a few steps, leading to a sort of platform or balcony for smokers. Here a door opens into the interior, fitted up like a saloon, with a table in the middle, and seats all round; the passengers, instead of being cramped by sitting for hours in the same posture, can walk about, or write, or play at chess or whist, if they please. The seats are made so as to face opposite points of the compass, and every thing is arranged on the most comfortable plan, with the only exception that the traveler desirous of solitude is not alone—a questionable comfort, which, as we but too well know, is fraught with danger.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.—A Paris journal publishes the following strange history of an old Gothic arm-chair, which was sold a few days since at the public auction-rooms in the Rue Drouot. The article in question, at first richly ornamented, was presented by the maker to Maria Theresa, and figured in her boudoir. After the death of the Empress of Austria, it was sent, in conformity with her desire, to Queen Marie Antoinette of France, and was subsequently used by Louis XVI. during his imprisonment in the Temple. After the King's tragical death, Cléry, his valet de chambre, became its owner, and took it to England, where it successively became the property of the Prince Regent, and afterward of the Duke of Cumberland. The latter took it with him to Berlin, and there sent it to an upholsterer for repair. The workman to whom it was intrusted found in the stuffing of the seat a diamond pin, the portrait of a boy, and several sheets of very closely written manuscript. The man sold the pin, and gave the portrait and papers to a watchmaker of his acquaintance. Some years later the watchmaker, whose name was Naundorff, endeavored to pass himself off as Louis XVII., and produced the papers and portrait in support of his pretensions. After making some noise in France, and then in Belgium, where he lost his son, who called himself the Duke of Normandy, he went to Java in 1858, and died there. The workman who found the portrait and documents kept his secret till just before his death, when he revealed the whole to his family. One of his relatives, having ascertained that the chair was still at Berlin, purchased it, and sold it to a French traveler, who carried it to Paris, where it ultimately came into the possession of an old woman, the inmate of an asylum for the aged, lately deceased. It has now been sold by auction with the rest of her effects.

THE Pope, one day, while talking with some monsignori about the deplorable condition of the Catholic Church, one of them said: "Oh, we have nothing to fear, your Holiness, for it is written that St. Peter's bark shall never be shipwrecked." "Yes," answered the Pope, "that's all very well for the bark, but how about her crew?"

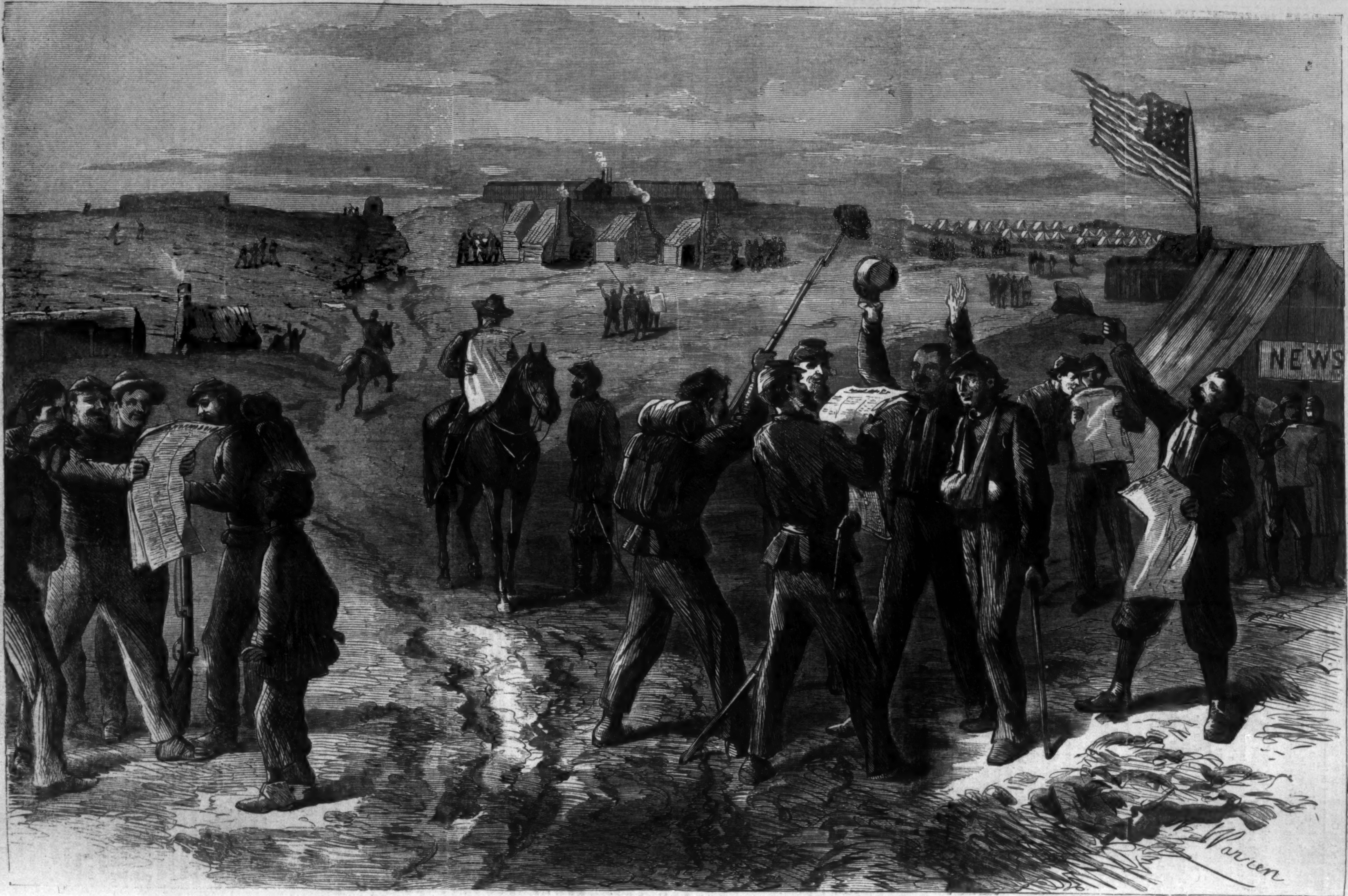
ABOUT 10,000 pieces of Roman money, principally of the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, and Nero, have just been discovered in the bed of the Mayenne, at St. Leonard. Their presence is explained by the fact of a dangerous ford having formerly existed at the spot, and the custom of travelers to throw in the river a piece of money *ex voto*.

EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM.—The last volume of "Transactions" issued by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society contains the elaborate report of a committee of the society appointed "to inquire into the uses and the physiological, therapeutical, and toxical effects of chloroform, as well as the best mode of administering it and of obviating any ill consequences resulting from its administration." The report is accompanied by many details exhibited in a tabular form. The following are the "Physiological Conclusions:" "Chloroform at first increases the force of the heart's action; this effect is slight and transient. When complete anæsthesia is produced by chloroform the heart in all cases acts with less than its natural force. The strongest doses of chloroform vapor, when admitted freely into the lungs, destroy animal life by arresting the action of the heart. By moderate doses of chloroform the heart's action is much weakened for some time before death ensues; respiration generally, but not invariably, ceases before the action of the heart, and death is due both to the failure of the heart's action and to that of the respiratory function. The danger attending the use of chloroform increases with the degree of stupor it induces. Apparent irregularities in the action of chloroform mainly depend on the varying strength of the vapors employed, on the quality of the chloroform, and on the constitution of the patient." The committee state that the results of 2586 capital operations performed before, and of 1847 performed since, the introduction of anæsthetics, collected from all authentic available sources, show that anæsthetics have in no degree increased the rate of mortality.

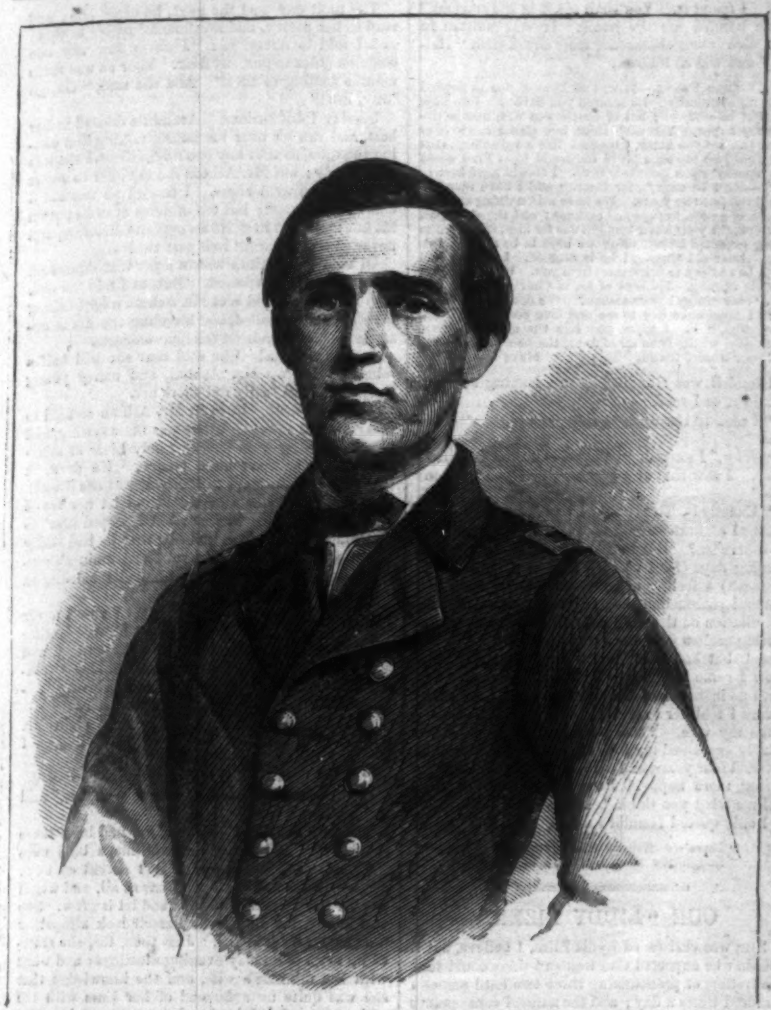
THE London *Court Journal* remarks: The latest novelty, in the way of matrimonial advertisements, is the precision with which the details are entered into. A lady of Liverpool, for instance, thus puts forth her catalogue of requirements. After stating that she is forty, and has two thousand three hundred pounds, she says: "The gentleman must be forty, not beyond forty-five, tall, of good carriage, have good teeth and hair, and be most particular in his personal habits, accustomed to daily immersion."

THE Swedish census, taken December 31, 1863, is published. The total population of Sweden is 4,022,564, and there are 105,940 more women than men. The increase of population during the last quinquennial period has been 1.2 per cent. About three and a half millions live in the country, and the rest in the towns, Stockholm containing nearly 250,000 inhabitants. The population of Norway is about 1,500,000, which would give the united kingdom about five and a half millions of inhabitants.

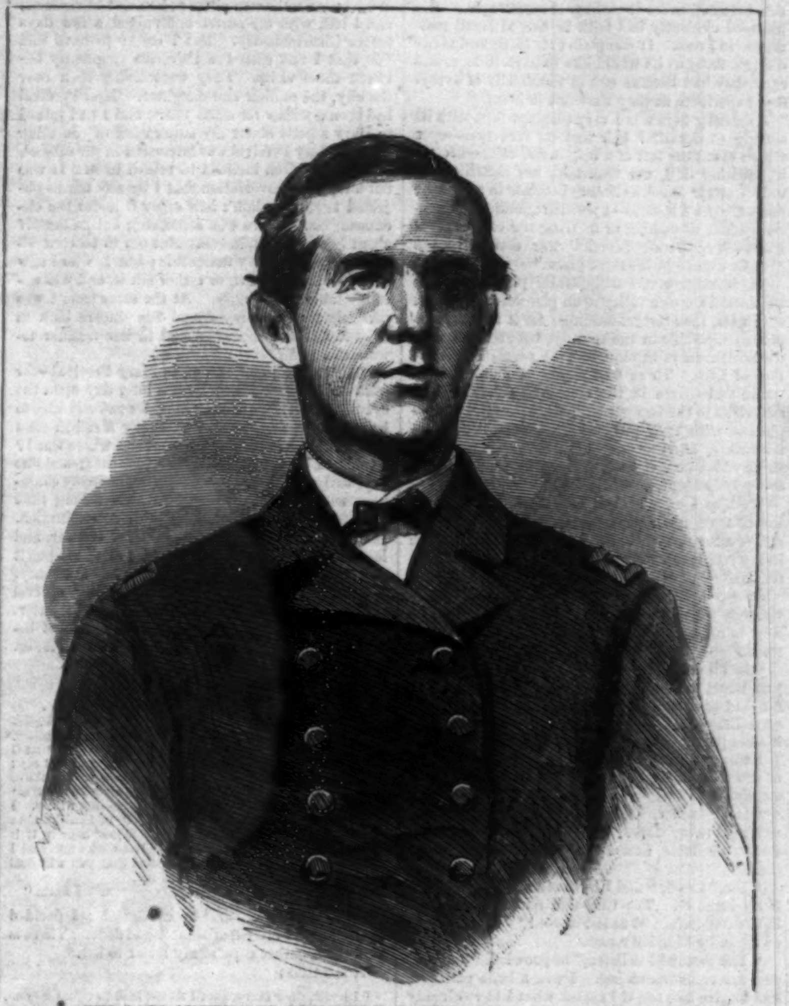
THERE were just *three days'* difference in the age reached by Daniel Webster and Edward Everett at the time of their respective deaths. The former was seventy years nine months and six days, the latter seventy years nine months and three days old.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT SAMUEL W. PRESTON.—[Photographed by Brady.]



THE LATE LIEUTENANT BENJAMIN H. PORTER.—[Photographed by Brady.]

LIEUTENANT S. W. PRESTON.

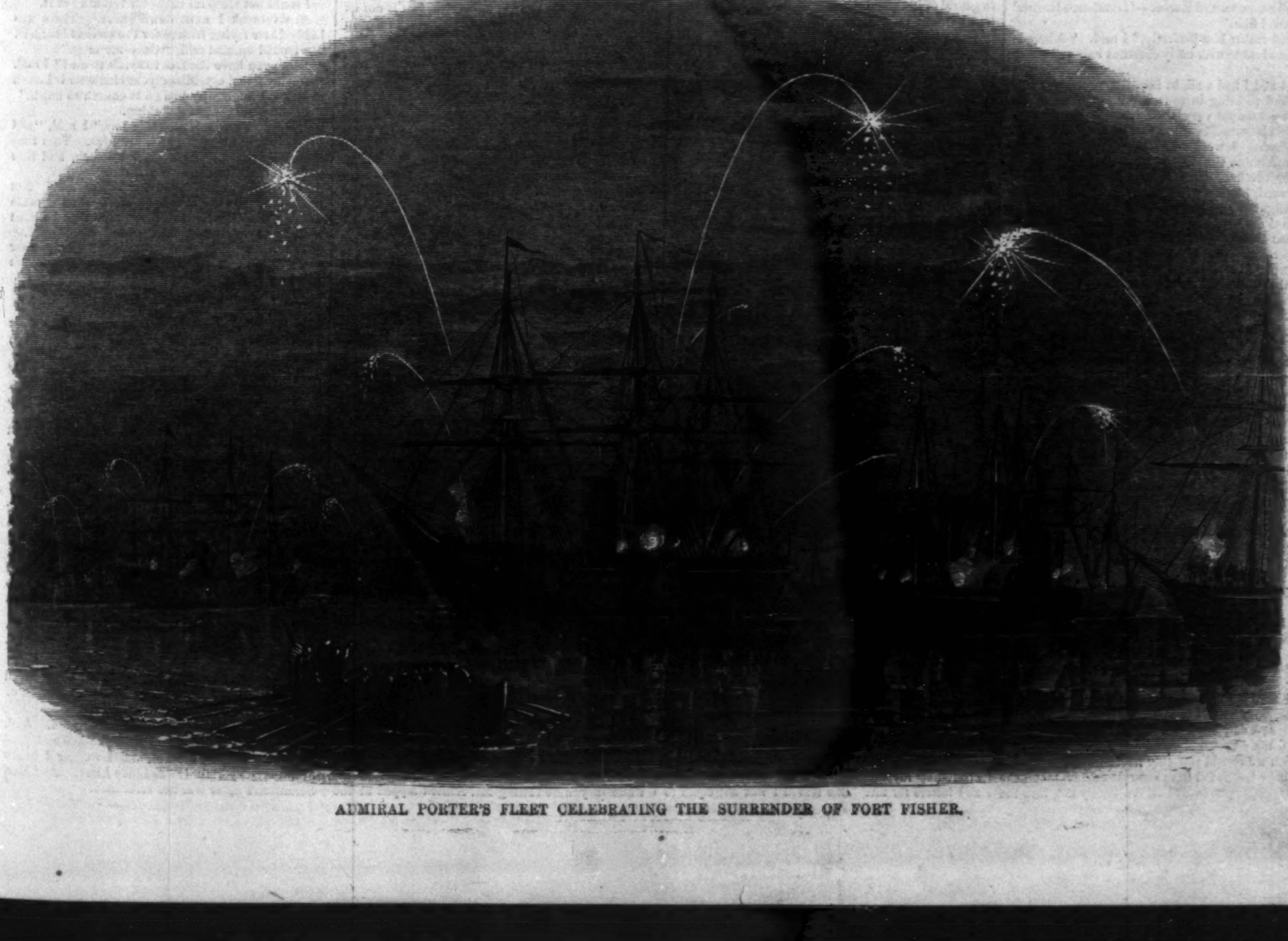
Lieutenant Samuel W. Preston, killed in the attack on Fort Fisher, while acting as Flag-Lieutenant of the fleet of Admiral Porter, was a native of Canada, but at an early age removed to Illinois, from which State he was appointed to the navy in 1858. He served as midshipman and ensign until August, 1862, when he was promoted Lieutenant. When Admiral Dahlgren attacked Charleston for the first time with the fleet he was Flag-Lieutenant of the *Wabash*, and afterward he commanded the *Ironsides*. He also acted on Dahlgren's staff in the attack which was subsequently made on Fort Sumter. He was taken prisoner here and sent to Columbia, South Carolina, where he was imprisoned for fourteen months. Upon his exchange he was assigned to duty in the North Atlantic squadron. He was a young officer only 23 years old, and he fell leading a company of the Naval Brigade in the assault on Fort Fisher.

LIEUTENANT B. H. PORTER.

Lieutenant B. H. Porter, killed in the assault on Fort Fisher, was born in New York in 1845, and entered the navy at the age of fourteen. In the Burnside Expedition he was midshipman in the frigate *Roanoke;* and during the battle of Roanoke Island he commanded the launch of six Dahlgren howitzers in the advance of the centre. He maintained his position under a galling fire until most of his men had fallen, when one of his guns exploded and only one man remained with him. At last this solitary gunner, a young man of seventeen, fell, and Porter remained alone, cleaning, loading, and firing his guns himself until the day was won. He was promoted November 8, 1862. Afterward he was captured by the enemy, who kept him a prisoner during the greater part of a year. He had only been released a short time when he was assigned to Porter's squadron. He commanded the flag-ship *Malcern*, but was killed while leading a company in the assault on Fort Fisher.

LOVE AND FATE.

It was my last evening of a month I had been spending with my friend Frank Blundell. We had met, after an interval of some years, in his country home. My friend had married since I last saw him, and his wife was a stranger to me until this visit. I found her one of the few wives who practically recommend marriage to their husbands' unmarried



ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET CELEBRATING THE SURRENDER OF FORT FISHER.

friends. This she did, in a great measure, by the sense of reliableness as a wife—I don't know how I can better describe it—which she conveyed. Her husband evidently had faith in her, in small matters as in great. It was plain that he trusted to her doing a thing as he would like to have it done, and that they had become one in the details of every-day experience as they were one in heart.

Assuredly hers was a very pleasant face, with its setting of beautiful hair and its rare eyes—eyes which stand the test of a heightened color—becoming neither dull, nor uncertain, nor metallic, but only warmer toned, as Nature becomes in a summer sunset. As a hostess—a position affording such opportunities of making or marring the comfort of a guest—Mrs. Frank Blundell was eminently the "right woman in the right place."

Their cottage was delightfully placed, looking southward across a valley upon plantations of sweet chestnuts, then fast crimsoning; for it was the season, so enjoyable in the country, between the very outdoorishness of summer and the permanent adoption of fires. There was plenty of amusement—walks and drives in the charming neighborhood, and visits to the hop-gardens, where armies of hop-pickers, with their pioneers the pole-pullers, were advancing, leaving desolation in their track: a scene which no artist has fairly pictured, but which every body ought to see.

Well, as I have said, it was my last evening at the cottage. We were sitting together, Blundell and I, after dinner, when he said, "There's a fire in my room; I vote we go there till Mary is ready for tea."

So we went, and talked from our easy-chairs through a perfumed cloud. It soon became evident to me that my friend had "something on his mind."

"In all our talks together about old times since you have been here," he said, "we have never touched upon one topic. I suppose some delicacy of feeling—for I verily believe you have a little of it—has prevented your beginning the subject."

I was going to protest against this modified form of compliment, and to ask a question, when I was stopped by—

"Don't bother, that's a good fellow, or I shall never get to my story. You remember well enough, I have no doubt, how I used to talk of Mary Percival?"

"Yes," I said, "and I have often wondered what it all came to. The Christian name is a 'household word' here. Was it Mary—?" I was checked again by Blundell's look.

"You promised to listen," he growled, "and now you are cross-examining. Have a little patience, and forgive me, too, if I repeat what I have already told you. Mary Percival and I were friends from infancy. Our mothers were friends before us, and my earliest recollections are associated with her and hers. When we came to be man and woman we read and argued and were happy together, as we had played and quarreled and 'made up' again in our childhood. The old friendship had increased, but had not changed its character; at least I can speak for myself. You remember what Tennyson says in 'Dora'—

> 'The youth, because
> He had been always with her in the house,
> Thought not of Dora.'

It was something like this with me. Yet I admired Mary very much, and loved her, 'after a fashion,' very dearly, and would have done or suffered almost any thing to give her pleasure or to spare her pain. You have heard all this before. I don't mean to inflict any more of it on you. Now take yourself back to college for a moment, and try to recall a man named Horner—'Handsome Horner' they called him."

"I remember him perfectly," I said. "A broad-shouldered man, with curly chestnut hair and white arms."

"He and I had a slight acquaintance at the college; and meeting in town after we took our degree, we became very good friends. Some time after this he wrote to ask me to go and see them at his father's. I went and saw his father and mother, and, more than all, I saw his sister. Recalling her brother—fancy him a woman—refined, brightened, intensely beautified, and you can form some slight idea of Mary Horner. It is impossible for me to describe fitly the effect she produced upon me from the first. My acquaintance had included some very pretty women, but Mary Horner was a new experience. She fascinated me. You may be sure that I did not get any better the longer I staid within the charmed circle. I got on famously with all the people down there, and fancied that I was not disliked by her. You know what I mean. But I could never detect any thing like symptoms of reciprocity of affection. On the contrary, she treated me with cordial but thoroughly self-possessed friendliness. She was not the sort of woman to encourage a lover; and then the exercise, and the general atmosphere of the place, were so conducive to health and spirits that the lady had no reason, on that first visit, to suspect from my appearance the condition of my heart. This was in the summer; but the following winter found me there again. I met some pleasant people whom I had not seen before; among others a Mr. Charles Oxenden. He was a really good fellow, an accomplished man, and an agreeable companion. All this I could but acknowledge, in spite of the shadow of a consciousness that there was 'something' in the confidential relationship subsisting between him and Mary Horner. But there was nothing in the conduct of either that I could complain of as loverlike, even if I had possessed any right to complain at all. I am not prepared to state that on this second visit I might not have, almost involuntarily, betrayed myself; but there had never been the slightest approach to what I believe is called a 'declaration.' Our friendly intercourse had reached the stage of our calling one another by our Christian names. Her brother called me Frank habitually, as I called him Fred (which we should probably never have done if our intimacy had dated from our college days), and she naturally fell, as indeed all the family did, into the same habit. Equally natural it seemed for me to call her Mary. My stay at this time was short. We were an unbroken circle at home at Christmas; and I left, with my secret undivulged, a few days before Christmas-day. But I ought to have told you that I had seen the Percivals frequently between these visits. They were living then near the city, the mother and daughter. Mrs. Percival had been a widow for some years, and I had talked to Mary a little about my admiration of the other Mary. Mary Percival was interested in the subject, and seemed often inclined to return to it. It was not a topic of conversation that I by any means objected to, but I didn't half enjoy it under the circumstances. There was something unlike herself about Mary, a certain constraint not to be concealed. It was not very noticeable; but I, who knew her so well, noticed it, or rather felt it, and was uncomfortable accordingly. At the same time I was perfectly sure that my friend was sincere both in the interest she expressed and in her manner toward me.

"There was no affectation in Mary Percival—far from it. Looking back from a later day upon the events and feelings of that time, I was more wise to know the truth. Then I was only a selfish man who was not a coxcomb. Let me see, where was I? I told you I went home before Christmas; and one day, early in the new year, I was alone in my chambers, when an idea, which had been a long time simmering, boiled and bubbled into a determination. It was to write, to write, Sir, to Mary Horner, and learn the worst or the best. Ah! I can jest upon it now. I wrote. The thermometer stood at twenty. I wrote. I have a bad habit of spoiling several sheets of paper when I write an important letter. I can show you a fac-simile of this, discarded because of the capital M's being of two varieties. There it is, read it."

This was the letter:

> "MY DEAREST MARY,—I can not call you by any other title and speak truly. Forgive me if the truth is distasteful to you. Forgive, too, this method of making it known. In all our happy association I have not dared—yes, that is the word—to tell you this. 'A faint heart,' you will say; but 'the bright particular star always seemed so far above me.' These are calm words, dear, when my love is warm: these are cold words, when my heart is beating wildly. I would rather read my sentence, if it is to be banishment; but oh! I would ten thousand times rather hear it, if it has one word of hope. Let me have but that word, and I will be with you. In any case, I feel that you will deal tenderly as well as truthfully with me.
>
> "Yours, devotedly, FRANK."

"In that same hour," he continued, "I decided to tell Mary Percival of what I had done. There is a pretty accurate copy of my letter to her."

It ran thus:

> "I know, dear Mary, that I do not look in vain for sympathy from you. I need it greatly to-day. You will believe this when I tell you what I have done. I have written to ask some one to give me her heart. Can you guess who it is? I am not hopeful, but I am not despairing. I can not say more now than that in all my fortunes I am confident of your sisterly regard.
>
> "Yours, affectionately, FRANK."

When I had read this without remark Blundell went on with his narrative.

"I had finished these letters and folded them when there was a rap at my door, followed immediately by the entrance of my opposite neighbor. 'Well, I never!' was his exclamation, 'are you out of coal?' I looked round upon the black grate for answer, having first put the letters into envelopes and fastened them. 'I came to see if you were inclined for a skate,' my visitor said. 'I tried the ice on the "Park" yesterday: it was pretty good. They say it is capital to-day; but come and have some lunch with me before we go. You are miserable here.' I accepted the invitation, and, wishing to get rid of him, said, 'You go and order it.' When he was gone, I directed the envelopes containing my letters, and followed him, taking them with me to post on my way to the Park. There were a great many skaters, and the ice was for the most part strong. But here and there, as is always the case except after a protracted frost, were weak places. On to one of these I skated at a rapid pace and went down, without a warning crack, into the bitterly cold water. The ice was above me when I rose, but I could hear voices near me before I sank again. I came up once more, but it was to feel a heavy blow, to be in an explosion of fire-works, and then to lose all consciousness. The clumsily-given aid was nearly being as fatal to me as the ice prison would have been. How I was carried home to my father's house, and suffered for many days from the combined effects of the plunge and the blow, I could tell you only as it was told me. I was long unconscious, and for some time after the dangerous symptoms had abated I could take no notice of what was passing around me. I was gradually recovering, however, both physically and mentally; and one morning I became aware, upon awaking from a doze, that I was not alone. Some one had come in while I slept, and was sitting by my side. A soft hand was laid on mine, and, as I looked round, a gentle, well-known voice spoke. It was Mary Percival's. 'I am so thankful, dear,' it said; 'so very thankful.' I was still weak, and cried. She stooped and kissed my forehead. 'Bless you!' she whispered, and, with an arch smile, continued, 'It was a funny letter for you to write to me. Besides, I thought—' she paused, looking at me. Then she said, 'I must talk to you about it another day, and scold you; but thank you for it now a thousand thousand times! I came to give you my answer, and found you here. Oh, Frank! How could you be afraid of me? How could your doubt my love? But that is all past now, and I must not tire you even with my happiness. Good-by, dearest.' And she went out very quickly, the tears blinding her.

"It is a shame to speak of this; but you are my friend, and it is necessary, if you are to understand my feelings. You can imagine them. What had come to me or to her? I scarcely heeded; I made no response to her words; but this she doubtless attributed to my weakened state; and when she left me I lay looking wonderingly at the door. At last a thought struck me. I rang my bell. It was answered by my mother. I asked her if there were any letters for me. She feared I was not equal to exertion, but went to fetch them. As soon as I was alone again I searched for one. I cared for only one. I found it. You shall see it in the original."

He handed me the letter. It was written in firm, clearly-cut characters, more Greek than "Italian," and was as follows:

> "MY DEAR FRANK,—It was so kind of you to depend upon my sympathy. Be assured you have it. I do hope you will be accepted; but of course you will, and be immensely happy. You can't think how glad I was to hear about *it*. Do you know, I fancied, like a vain thing, that you were just the least bit in the world what Fred would call 'spoony' upon *somebody* here. I should have been so sorry—don't be angry—for Charles and I have been engaged the last two years. We have said nothing about it, except, of course, to papa and mamma; and the same post that brought your letter brought one for him, offering him a long expected living. Now we hope to be married this year. Dear old Charley! he is so good. I shall, we all shall, be anxious to know more from you. What weather! Fred is skating. He says of us, of Charles and me and you, 'Poor things! poor things!' We don't think so, do we? I hope some day to see and love your wife. I can guess who it is. *I know you like the name of Mary.* With good wishes from all of us for the new year, believe me, your sincere friend, MARY HORNER."

Blundell was standing by me, looking over my shoulder, as I read.

"I took in the truth at once," he said. "Don't you?"

"Why," I gasped, "you had reversed the directions. I saw that at a glance, when you gave me this."

"Exactly! To say that I was not confounded—shocked at first—would be untrue. How could it be otherwise? But in the calm reflection of succeeding days (for I was left in quietness to gather strength) a feeling of satisfaction grew upon me, grateful satisfaction that I had escaped rejection—humiliation on the one hand, and the sorrow of inflicting useless pain on the other; that I had lost no friend, but had found a noble heart's great love. How I came to give my heart to Mary Percival I have no intention of describing. But I had done so before I told her every thing—long before she became my wife. *Then* the letter she received but faintly expressed my love for her. We have been married four years, and each year has found us more loving, more happy. Now, old friend, you shall tell me what you think."

I only quoted Hamlet's words,

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

OUR "LIDDY LIZER."

SHE was christened Lydia Eliza, I believe, but it couldn't be expected that human beings could take the trouble of pronouncing those two hard names a hundred times a day; and the natural consequence was that she was always called Liddy Lizer, and always called herself so; and the fact ought to be a warning to all poor people not to take airs when they name their children. As for Liddy Lizer herself she never took any airs—I'll say that for her; but then, you see, she had no reason to. I took her out of the poor-house. When Mr. Trab left this wicked world, and I thought of taking a few select boarders, I went to the poor-house and adopted Liddy Lizer. I chose her because she looked the healthiest and smartest. If I had known how smart she was I'd never have had any thing to do with her, you may depend on that; but I never knew any good to come of those charity children—never. Pen could not tell all I did for that girl. She was bound to me until she was eighteen, and I felt it my duty. She always wore tow aprons that covered her from her chin to her toes, and nice, thick cowhide boots, and all winter I gave her two nights a week at evening school, and never allowed her to contract habits of idleness—no, *that* is not on my conscience. I have had that girl up at five in the morning scrubbing the steps, when they froze beneath her brush, before she was twelve years old.

The only fault I had to find with her was that she was too pretty for her position. Charity children have no right to be handsome in that way. I don't mind healthy red cheeks and chubby shoulders, but Liddy Lizer grew up tall and fair, with great blue eyes and golden curls (I cut them off as close as I could to her head though), and was better looking than my Araminta, who was just her age—or would have been, if I had dressed them alike. But you see I kept my Araminta always like a doll, and put her hair in papers every night, and never let her soil her hands, and I had her taught to play the piano, and forbade her the kitchen—for I meant to bring her up a lady.

As for Liddy Lizer, you heard her name all over the house a hundred times a day. I wanted her, cook wanted her, Araminta wanted her, and every boarder in turn needed Liddy Lizer. When she found time to grow I don't know, but grow she did. I knew that by her tow aprons. She was a head taller than Araminta by the time she was sixteen; and, to own the truth, she looked like a young lady when she wore her pink print to church on Sunday.

That Christmas I had a new boarder—a very rich gentleman—not very young, but very good looking and stylish. He wanted a quiet home, and furnished some apartments on the first-floor with his own handsome things, and paid well and promptly, which the boarders didn't all do. I wondered he was a bachelor.

I looked at my Araminta, dressed in scarlet and black, with her hair braided at the back and fastened with gold combs. The girl had a bewitching way, like her mother's when she was young; but I lay awake dreaming, though my eyes were wide open, all night of being mother-in-law to Mr. Ashton. Yes; the truth was, I had made up my mind that my Araminta should be his wife. The dear girl promised to do her best, and dress her prettiest; and, certainly, when I was almost driven wild with duns from dry-good stores every day of my life, she ought to have had a sufficient wardrobe. And that is the way Liddy Lizer was pressed into service, and put on her pink calico, and sat up in the back-parlor stitching all day; for she was handy with her needle, and Araminta detested sewing.

Matters began finely; for, as Araminta told me, while they were sewing Mr. Ashton tapped at the door, and, when (of course) she asked him in, sat talking to her for two hours.

The next day, and the next, he came also; and read to her poetry, and sentimental poetry at that; and I said to Araminta: "I never saw any one come on quite so fast, my dear. Your pa was three months getting to that." And she said, "Oh, go 'way, ma!"

Sunday I felt curious. Araminta dressed in her best, and ran all over the house, talking and asking the time, so that any one might be sure she was quite ready; but Mr. Ashton did not offer to escort her—and she went alone. I fancied he was not a church-going man; but ten minutes after he put on his hat and went in quite an opposite direction, and never came back until half past twelve.

Of course Araminta was in a pet that afternoon, which was to be expected. But, as I told the girl, who knew what odd sect Mr. Ashton might belong to? He had traveled, and traveling appears to unsettle people's minds on religious subjects.

Poor Araminta! She said that she had half a mind to give up Mr. Ashton, and marry young Tompkins, who really did adore her.

The next week, however, Mr. Ashton seemed to be as devoted as ever. There was more sewing, and Araminta insisted on having Liddy Lizer of afternoons, and he read more poetry. He drew, it seems, and asked leave to sketch her as she sewed.

When he was done he would not let her see it because it did not suit him; but I peeped into his port-folio the next day, and saw that he had really been dissatisfied, for he had rubbed Araminta's portrait almost out, and left only Liddy Lizer sitting on a bench at her feet.

The boldness of that Liddy Lizer I vow I never half knew what it was until about flower-planting time. I went unexpectedly into the garden, and saw the girl, with seeds and roots in her hands, talking to Mr. Ashton—some rubbish about loving flowers, and feeling that they were her friends.

"Ma," said Araminta, "it is very plain Mr. Ashton is in love, but he don't say any thing. I can't tell why."

"You don't lead him on," I said.

"Tompkins don't need any leading on, ma," said Araminta.

It was provoking! Mr. Ashton had been there six months, and Araminta's milliner's bills were frightful. Liddy Lizer was past seventeen now, absolutely refused to wear aprons at all, and would put her hair back with combs and let it grow. She was handy, too, and made herself look altogether too fixy for a hired girl. Just then, too, she started up to go to Sunday evening meetings; and what with the minister's wife, and the knowledge that she was quite near the end of her time with me and very useful, I let her have more of her own way. Besides, I had not so much time to think of her. My mind was full of Araminta's prospects.

At last one night—a Sunday in the first of May—Araminta said, "I am going to find out what Mr. Ashton does with himself Sundays."

Well, the child came home at half past nine pale as a ghost.

"Mother, I followed Mr. Ashton, and he went to Methodist meeting."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"No, ma," said Minty; "wait a minute. He sat in the middle aisle, and I went into the gallery; and pretty soon I saw our Liddy Lizer come in, and march up the aisle and seat herself beside him, and they spoke and looked on the same book, and, ma, he saw her home."

"You mean she followed on after him, I suppose."

"No, ma, she took his arm."

I could not sleep all night for thinking of it.

At daybreak I went down stairs. There was Liddy Lizer frying fritters for the earliest boarders. She looked up, and said, "Good-morning."

"Can you have the face to speak to me?" I said. "You are found out, Miss; your character is known at last. I know why you go to church so much."

She blushed, but said nothing.

"My house is a respectable one," I said, "and I'll have no ill-behaved creature here. Your time is up in a week; find a place by then, and take yourself off then, sooner if you can."

She did not fire up, but said, "Yes, ma'am." Not another word, only "Yes, ma'am." And it made me so angry that I struck her. And then I turned and saw Mr. Ashton looking at us from the hall.

A week went by, and on Saturday Liddy Lizer came to me and said, quite coolly, "You wouldn't mind my leaving to-night, I presume, Mrs. Trab."

"The sooner the better," said I.

An hour after she came to say "Good-by."

"Good-by, Liddy Lizer," I said, "only don't come to me for a character, for I couldn't give you one."

"I sha'n't come, Mrs. Trab," she said, and went away as a lady might with a little polite bow. Cook followed, and came back to tell me she had gone to the minister's.

"Araminta," I said after tea, "it's plain that Liddy Lizer has deceived Mrs. Scrantum. It's our duty to go around and let her know what the girl's real character is. Our duty as Christians, Minty." So we went.

The minister's house was lighted up, and peeping through the window we saw that the parlors were full.

"A donation party or something," I said. "Methodists are always having such things. We'll just make ourselves sociable and find a chance to tell Mrs. Scrantum as if by accident. Strangers are always welcome at such times."

So we went in. The servant (it wasn't Liddy Lizer) asked us to step up stairs and take off our things. And then we went down into the parlor.

"Why, ma," said Minty, "it's a wedding." And sure enough Mr. Scrantum stood in the middle of the floor with a couple before him.

"Mr. Ashton, ma," whispered Araminta. And, oh goodness gracious! just then the bride stepped around so I could see her, and I wonder I didn't drop to the floor, for it was Liddy Lizer. And Mrs. Scrantum's sister was her bridemaid.

Araminta and I just ran up and got our things and slipped home again.

"That deceitful man," said Minty.

"That bold Liddy Lizer," I gasped, and I wonder I didn't turn into a pillar of stone.

It's a good while since then. Araminta is thirty and not married yet, for young Tompkins married some one else out of pique. And I often wonder whether people know Mrs. Ashton was nothing but the Trabs' Liddy Lizer.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave, my mother's grave!
Oh, dreamless is her slumber there,
And drowsily the banners wave
O'er her that was so chaste and fair!
Yea, love is dead, and memory faded!
But when the dew is on the brake,
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,
Oh, then she cometh back to me,
In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

I can not guess her face or form;
But what to me is form or face?
I do not ask the weary worm
To give me back each buried grace
Of glistening eyes or trailing tresses!
I only feel that she is here,
And that we meet, and that we part;
And that I drink within mine ear,
And that I clasp around my heart,
Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses!

Not in the waking thought by day,
Not in the sightless dream by night,
Do the mild tones and glances play
Of her who was my cradle's light!
But in some twilight of calm weather
She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
With all the quiet of a thought,
And all the passion of a dream,
Linked in a golden spell together.

TWO WAYS OF USING STRENGTH.

THE little village of Stoke-Regis, which lies hidden in a gap of the Downshire hills, was always celebrated for its strong men. There was a tradition, as firmly rooted in the place as the old Norman church, or the fragments of a Druid's circle, which stood like a ring of old jagged teeth on the top of the highest hill, that Stoke-Regis had bred many famous giants. The names of many heroes of this kind recorded in old story-books were claimed as Stoke-Regis or Downshire names, and many famous wrestlers of modern times were known to have been Downshire men. All this tended to keep up the worship of physical strength in Stoke-Regis, and such worship was easily turned into bad channels. A Downshire man, named Tom Dibbles, whose father belonged to Stoke-Regis, and whose mother came from an adjoining village, called Stoke-Brewin, was engaged as a farm-laborer by a squire of the "old school"—a patron of wrestling, boxing, single-stick, fighting, and other brutal sports. This squire, whose name was Southern, looked upon a man much as he looked upon a horse—as an animal which was worth nothing more than its bone, muscle, flesh, and strength. If any colt in his stable looked promising, he had it trained for the race-course, and if any man on his estate looked promising, he had him trained as a prize-fighter. He kept bull-dogs, game-cocks, and other animals to vary his sports; but he thought more of a good muscular pugilist than of all these animals.

"Thee bean't Stoke-Regis, be 'ee?" said the squire one day, as Tom was working hard in a potato-field.

"Noa," said Tom, touching his hair, and looking up from his work; "fayther wur Stoke-Regis, moother wur Stoke-Brewin."

"Would 'ee loike to foight a Stoke-Regis mon, if I foind 'ee wun?" asked the squire.

"Foight any mon in thick there mead," replied Tom, pointing to a closely cropped meadow, "if you'll gi' I wages for day's work."

The bargain was struck, and the squire looked about for a strong Stoke-Regis man. He soon found one in the person of Harry Wold, a man about Tom Dibble's age, height, and strength, who was also in his employment. Both men were put into fair training by the squire, who paid all the expenses, and kept them for a month while they were improving their physical condition. There was much excitement in the two villages, and indeed throughout Downshire, and many bets were made upon the contest. Umpires were chosen from both villages, and it was arranged that the trial should begin with a wrestling-match. The place chosen for the contest was a meadow on Squire Southern's estate, and a small purse of gold was to be the prize awarded to the winner.

We may pass over all details of the struggle—all description of the village crowd who came to witness it. The struggle was very brief and brutal; the drunkenness and disorder which prevailed were equally brutal, and not so brief. Tom Dibbles threw the Stoke-Regis man—Harry Wold—heavily on his back—so heavily that he could never have risen without assistance. His spine was injured, so the doctor in attendance said; and the crowd were disappointed of half their sport—the fight that was to follow the wrestling-match. The squire—a man as coarse as his peasants—took no pains to conceal his vexation.

Tom Dibbles after this victory became the hero of Stoke-Brewin. Stoke-Brewin was an exact counter part of Stoke-Regis, and Squire Southern's property reached almost to its borders. Harry Wold was a long time—a very long time, before he recovered the use of his legs—and when he began to hobble about with a stick, he looked like a premature old man. He was still kept in the Squire's employ and received his scanty wages, but the Squire evidently disliked him, and had not the delicacy to conceal his dislike. Stoke-Regis took its tone from the Squire, and Harry Wold, though he worked, or was supposed to work on the Squire's estate, was compelled to live in Stoke-Brewin.

Stoke-Brewin showed its admiration for Tom Dibbles by presenting him with a silver jug, on which was an inscription, drawn up by the village schoolmaster, recording the victory. The trifling fact that Stoke-Brewin had only furnished a mother for its hero was made the most of in this inscription. Tom was persuaded to transfer his physical advantages to London, where muscular young men were much in request as prize-fighters, and he went one day by a stage-coach which passed near the village, leaving an only son as his representative in Stoke-Brewin. He could not take his trophy—his silver mug, with him, because it was mortgaged to the ale-house keeper for a long score of beer and tobacco. Tom's career in London was not prosperous. He was soon defeated by a negro fighting-man, and was ashamed to return to Downshire. He hung about the tap-rooms of Soho and St. Giles's for a few years, and at last died of gin and consumption in one of the hospitals.

Young Tom Dibbles, who was left in Stoke-Brewin, had more than his father's strength, but none of his father's disposition. Many Stoke-Brewin men spurred him on to challenge a Stoke-Regis man, and when he showed no inclination for the contest, or refused outright, he was looked upon as a bad son and a degenerate villager. Many, however, who felt inclined to call him a coward, had not the courage to do so; for though his fair, round, open face was beaming with good-nature, there was something about him, even more than his physical strength, which denoted determination and a power of endurance. The question of his courage was soon set at rest at a fire which occurred at a farm-house on Squire Southern's estate. He went into a burning barn, where some poor tramping hay-makers were huddled with their children, and dragged them out of the suffocating smoke and flames at the risk of his life. One of his cheeks got frightfully scarred in this adventure—the mark being one which he would carry to his grave. The people he had saved were not Stoke-Brewin, nor even Downshire people, and he was not presented with a purse of gold, nor even with a testimonial mug for his heroism, but there were no whispers now about his cowardice.

Young Tom had no family ties, and having the strength of two men, he used it like a good genius of the village. Though manners had a little improved in and around Stoke-Brewin and Stoke-Regis, the most useless exhibitions of physical power were still in fashion. The man who could throw a skittle-ball the farthest, or could pull against a plow-horse, or could perform any other trick leading to no useful result, had the seat of honor in the village ale-house. In the mean time many of the village roofs were unthatched, the pathways between the houses were broken, uneven, and badly drained; many cottages had sunk into hovels for want of a little labor and attention; a dam in a small river—the only barrier which would save Stoke-Brewin from a flood, if a wet season sent the waters down from the hills—was allowed to remain half washed away; the little village school-house, not much used nor respected by the Stoke-Brewin people, was more like a half-deserted ruin than a comfortable building; the church-yard was rank with weeds, and the whole place, much like Stoke-Regis, furnished similes for dirt and wretchedness in other parts of the country. The chief men of the village seemed to be blind to this disgrace that existed under their eyes, and they lived gloating over the reputation of famous fights and physical contests in which their Stoke-Brewin champions had been victorious.

Young Tom Dibbles, as he grew older, became less and less of their way of thinking, and more determined to use his strength for the real benefit of his village. While they abused the gifts that God had given them—that natural health and physical power, which wealth can not always purchase—he used his like a sensible, charitable, Christian man, as he turned out to be.

Old Harry Wold, who had long been a broken-down laborer on Squire Southern's estate, could hardly work sufficiently to maintain his position; and when old Squire Southern died from a hunting-fall, he was threatened with the work-house. He and young Tom Dibbles had long been friends, and the old man had been assisted in many ways by the young one. Tom had to work hard for his living, as the Downshire wages were not high, but still he found time to help the old man. The knowledge that the father had made Harry Wold's life a burden to him, and had probably shortened it by many years, perhaps operated on the young man's mind. Old Harry's one-roomed hovel was repaired in the night with stones gathered from the stream of a neighboring valley, and the thatch was mended at the same time. The old man never saw Tom at work upon this task, as it was done when he was dead asleep, but the villagers knew what had been done, and who had done it, and it set them thinking.

"I be dun vor, Measter Tom," the old man said one night, dropping on a low stool, "there be nowt atween I and work-hus."

"Thee bean't dun for yet, if I know ut," replied Tom, who spoke as if he could move a mountain.

The old man had told him how he was behind-hand with his rent, and how troubles never come singly. His landlord—the small grocer of the village—hearing that young Squire Southern was about to cast him off, had threatened to turn him out of the hut and seize his few poor bits of furniture on the following morning.

Tom Dibbles was not a rich laborer, in fact he had nothing but eighteen-pence in his pocket, but he had property which he was determined to turn into money. The silver mug—the pride of the village—the record of his late father's struggle with the old man—was a useless chattel in his possession, and he resolved to sell it. The market-town of Downham was twelve miles off, but he started at once at full speed, and reached it before all the shop-keepers had gone to bed. He found a working watchmaker and silversmith, who purchased it as old metal, and Tom hurried back with the welcome money, and arrived at Stoke-Brewin before old Harry Wold had risen from his straw-bed.

The rent was paid, and thus half the difficulty was got rid of; but the other half remained to be dealt with. Tom was equal to the task. Luckily he had a friend in Squire Southern's overseer, and he got himself yoked as a fellow-laborer with old Harry Wold. From that moment the old man appeared to have gathered new strength. His tasks, no matter how hard, were well done, and done quickly. He dug potatoes, trimmed hedges, dug ditches, and cut fire-wood as well as the youngest laborer on the estate, and his wages were always as much as young Tom Dibbles's. The truth oozed out at last, and again set the village thinking. Tom was seen by a couple of loiterers at a stile wheeling a heavy load up a steep hill, while the old man walked at his side quietly and thankfully.

Tom's example was not lost upon Stoke-Brewin, nor yet upon Stoke-Regis. Strong men, under his guidance, began mending the pathways, repairing the cottages, weeding the church-yard, and rebuilding the school-house and dam, and found in this work an amusement after their task-labor was finished. Tom was loved by the young, and respected by the old, and acknowledged by all to be the good genius of the village.

THE MOST NORTHERLY TOWN IN THE WORLD.

HAMMERFEST is the most northerly town in the world. It is in the province of Finmarken, and is situated on an island, under latitude 70° 49′. Toward the southwest it is hemmed in by steep cliffs. It is truly a barren spot, though once it is said to have been well wooded. As a commercial port Hammerfest is of some importance. During the summer months the harbor is crowded with Russian, English, French, and other vessels. The principal trade consists in dried codfish, a large quantity of which is sent to the Mediterranean ports to be consumed by the Roman Catholics of Southern Europe.

Were it not for the climatic influence that the Gulf Stream exerts, Hammerfest, and indeed the whole northern parts of the Scandinavian peninsula, would be uninhabitable, and as ice-bound as Boothia Felix, Victoria Land, etc., and those desolate regions in the other hemisphere which lie under the same parallel of latitude. But, as it is, the sea never freezes along the whole of the west coast of Norway; icebergs are rarely or never seen; and it is also owing to this that the mean temperature in winter at the North Cape and at Christiania, though thirteen degrees of latitude lie between them, is one and the same.

During the summer, which may be reckoned to last from the middle of May till toward the latter part of August, the port of Hammerfest presents a lively appearance. The weather then is intensely hot, for, as the sun never sets from July 19 till August 24, the earth and the air can never become cool.

We would recommend the traveler who may be bound for the far north to see the midnight sun, or to place his foot on the extreme verge of the European continent, not to forget to bring with him a liberal supply of eau-de-Cologne. He will find it useful at Hammerfest, for the whole place reeks with a fishy odor. There is a tolerable hotel, perhaps rather dear in its charges; but to be able to drink English porter, Champagne, and even to play billiards under the same degree of latitude as that which runs over Disco Island, one must not grumble.

I can scarcely imagine any thing but necessity inducing a man to pitch his tent so far north as Hammerfest, and yet a friend of mine, who has lived there several years, declares it to be a delightful residence, and one which he would on no account leave. It should be added, that he does a large business as a general merchant, that he has taken unto himself a Norwegian wife, and has several pledges of affection. From May 24 to July 19 the sun never sinks below the horizon, but for a corresponding time in the winter not a glimpse of him is to be seen. But it is a mistake to think that even then there is total darkness during the daytime. At mid-day it is usually sufficiently light to be able to read without candles, for the moon and the stars shine with a much greater brilliancy the further north one goes; while the reflection of the aurora borealis on the snow contributes in no little degree to illumine the scene. I have witnessed some very brilliant appearances of the northern lights in the south of Norway, but have never been so fortunate as to see them in the far north. The phenomenon is said to be extremely beautiful in Finmarken. The following description may serve to give a faint idea: "Across the sky to the north stretched a white arch of light, with a span as broad as a rainbow. A large streak shaped like a comet lay within the arch, and this was continually changing both its figure and position. Sun, moon, or stars never gave so lovely, so hallowed a light." At times it appears like a curtain of fire falling perpendicularly to the earth and lifting again; at others, like a golden shower; or, again, like a huge fan, displaying all the colors of the rainbow.

It is a strange phenomenon, but I never staid twenty-four hours in any place in Norway without having at least one invitation to go after a bear. Once, but only once, was I fool enough to accept it, for after having lain flat on my stomach all night in close proximity to the putrid carcass of a horse, and getting nearly devoured by mosquitoes, and, of course, seeing nothing, I made a vow never to go bear-hunting any more. There are, however, several bears in Finmarken, and large numbers are annually slaughtered by the Lapps, mostly in the winter time or early spring. The account a merchant in Hammerfest gave me of a bear-hunt put me much in mind of rabbiting at home.

When the ground is covered with snow the hunter repairs to the bear-den, whither Bruin has been previously tracked. He generally takes with him three or four companions. All of them go on "skie," the Norwegian snow-shoe, whereby they can skim over the surface of the snow at railroad speed. They are armed with rifles, axes, and bear-spears—long poles about eight to ten feet in length, furnished at one end with a sharp iron head. On arriving at the entrance to the den, which much resembles a fox-earth, they range themselves round it. One of their number now tries to arouse Bruin from his profound slumber by "stirring him up with a long pole." This generally has the desired effect; for presently the bear comes sleepily to the hole and puts his head out to see what all the fuss is about. Down comes an axe upon his "devoted head," which is quickly drawn in again. Again the pole is inserted, and at last Bruin gets so savage that he determines to make a bolt. Gathering himself up, he makes a dart out, like a rabbit with a ferret behind him. The dogs are then slipped and set off in full chase. Bruin is easily caught up, for his heavy weight sinks deep into the snow. Squatting on his haunches to secure his most vulnerable parts against the attacks of his nimble assailants, he deals out tremendous blows right and left with his powerful paws. Woe to the luckless dog if he comes in for one of them! Meanwhile the hunter comes up and calls his dogs off. He then takes his cap off and throws it in Bruin's face, and defies him to the contest. If the bear accepts it he rears himself on his hind-legs and rushes at the hunter, who now, for the first time, uses his rifle, and generally Bruin succumbs to his bullet; for the Lapps are unerring marksmen.

But, even though mortally wounded, the beast will not "throw up the sponge" in token of defeat, but dashes against his adversary, who keeps him at a respectful distance with his bear-spear till the others come up and administer the "coup de grace." On one such occasion it happened that the hunter's spear broke short off. The bear, though mortally wounded, was still dangerous. It managed to reach the hunter, and gave him such a hug in his paws as nearly to squeeze the life out of his diminutive body. "But I knew," said the plucky little Lapp, "that his strength would soon fail, and that my 'pels' (reindeer skin) would protect me against his claws; so watching a good opportunity, I plunged my knife into his heart."

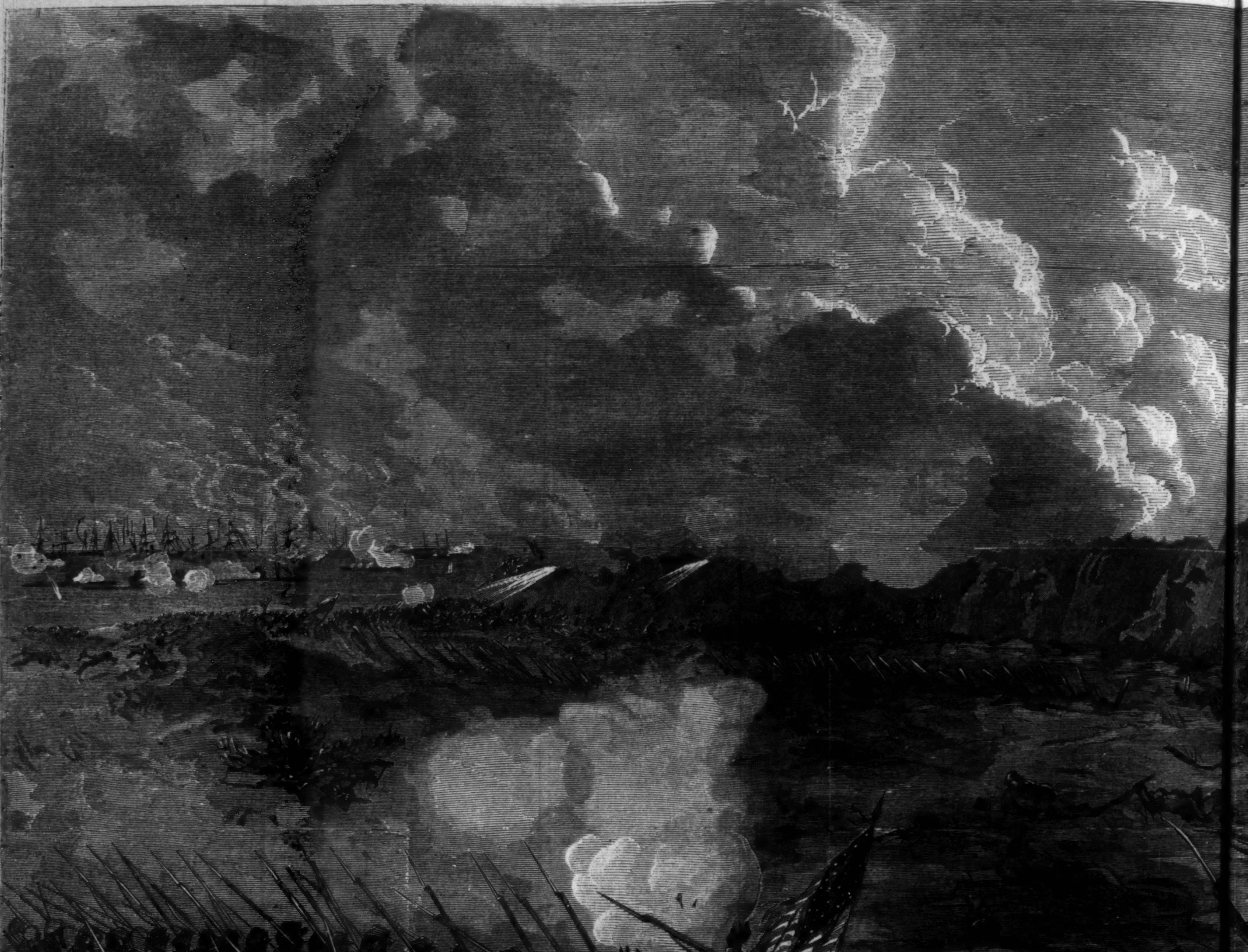
But it is not the men only that are good hunters. One day a Lapp woman went out to fish on a lake, accompanied by her son, who was fourteen years old. When they had caught a sufficient supply they landed on a part of the shore which was thickly overgrown with fir and underwood. Presently the woman's quick eye fell on a large heap of boughs, reeds, moss, etc., and, on nearer inspection, she found a large hole underneath the mass of rubbish, and felt convinced it was the entrance to a bear's "Hi," or cave. She was a courageous and resolute little body, and, nothing daunted by the discovery, nor reflecting that she was alone, hastened back to the boat to fetch her axe and rifle (for a Lapp woman generally goes armed, and is usually an expert shot). Now her sisters in other parts of the civilized world would most probably have been frightened out of their wits, and have beat a speedy retreat under such circumstances. Her only anxiety was lest the bear should get off.

On returning she proceeded to cut down a small fir sapling, which she pointed at one end, and gave it the boy to braddle about in the hole to ascertain whether it was occupied or not, while she stood with uplifted axe a little on one side. No sooner was the pole inserted than out came the head of a monstrous she-bear, and down came the axe on her skull with such force that it remained sticking fast in the wound, and accompanied Bruin as she retreated to the furthest end of the cave. Time being up for round number two, and her opponent not putting in an appearance, she determined to try the effect of a shot. No sooner had she fired down the hole than out bolted a cub about the size of a sheep dog, which her son cleverly managed to catch hold of by the hind-leg. But it was too strong for the little fellow, and, after dragging him for some distance, managed to get away. Determined, however, not to lose him, mother and son went in pursuit, and speedily overtook the animal, which had taken to the water. A few well-administered taps with the end of the oar soon rendered him *hors de combat*.

Having secured him, the courageous little woman went back again to the "Hi," and gave it another stirring up. But all was still. Next she fired a second shot, but nothing moved. Concluding that the bear must be dead, or else have escaped during her absence, she determined to dig her out, a work of no small labor. Success, however, attended her exertions; for at length she found the bear lying quite dead, with the axe still sticking in her cleft skull, and by her side another cub as big as the first, with a bullet wound through his neck, also dead.

No mean achievement for a woman and her boy!

I think the midnight sun is to be seen in fuller perfection from the deck of a steamer than from land. One evening, after leaving Hammerfest, we were all assembled on deck to witness its setting and rising, if thus it can be termed. It was about eleven o'clock. The sky was of a brilliant gold color, and the sea lay all around us like a burnished mirror. In the zenith it assumed a delicate rose-colored tint, merging into an apple green. The effect of the sunlight on the bluff headlands was wondrously beautiful; for, as the sun sank lower and lower, chameleon-like their tints kept changing, till at last they seemed to be bathed in a vermilion hue. It was now midnight by the chronometer. In a few minutes we noticed the sun gradually rising higher and higher; and now, strange to say, the colors we had noticed before its setting were of a totally different hue. Altogether it was the most lovely and varied scene I have ever witnessed. Day had succeeded night almost imperceptibly. It required no little attention to prevent confusion in our journals. I can well imagine that one can readily "lose a day" up there.



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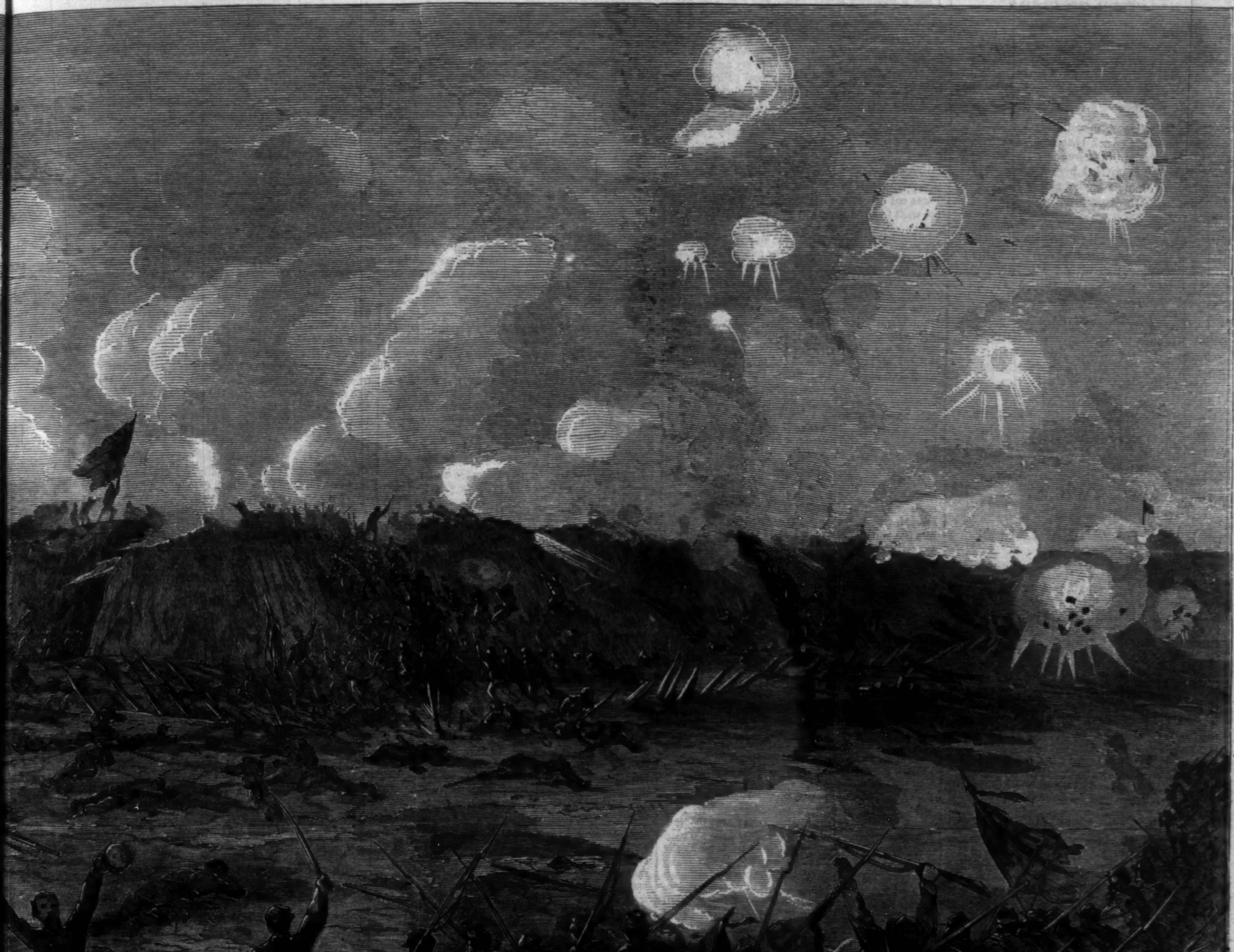


F FORT FISHER, January 15, 1865.

"BLESSED TO GIVE."

THE kingly sun gives forth his rays;
Asks no return; demands no praise;
But wraps us in strong arms of life,
And says distinct through human strife,
"If thou wouldst truly, nobly live,
Give—ever give."

The rustic flower, upspringing bright,
And answering back that regal light,
Fills all the air with fragrant breath,
And writes in myriad hues beneath,
"If thou wouldst gayly, gladly live,
Give—ever give."

The merchant-rain, which carries on
Rich commerce 'twixt the earth and sun;
The autumn mist; the springtide shower;
All whisper soft to seed and flower,
"We know no other life to live
But this—We give."

Suggestive warnings crowd the earth;
Glad sounds of labor, songs of mirth,
From creatures both of field and air;
Who, while they take their rightful share,
Still truly chant, "We chiefly live
To give—to give."

O man! the gem and crown of all,
Take thou this lesson. Heed the call
Of these less-gifted creatures near;
The rather, that Christ's voice most dear
Once said, while here He deigned to live,
"Blessed to give."

STORY OF AN AUSTRALIAN DETECTIVE.

I AM a detective in the Victoria police, and have been one for some years; I was formerly one in Paris, and I was employed as such in the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851. Since then I have been in various parts of the world; in fact there are very few of the force that haven't knocked about the world a good deal. However, at last I have settled in Australia, and hope my roving is ended. I have never had but one crack case intrusted to my care; I have sometimes tracked thieves from the diggings into the interior, and found them boundary riders on stations, or clerks that did not keep their accounts straight, and found them bullock-driving up-country, but these were small affairs; a pair of bracelets soon settled such; but once I had a matter to find out on the very slightest information received, which required all my skill and all the resources of my long experience. Some four years ago there lived about a mile down the Glenelg River, beyond the bridge, an oldish man, who was reported to have made somewhere a good "pile." He was a thorough hermit; seldom stirred out, except to go to the store and buy a few necessaries, for which he always paid, and never was known to beat down or haggle about the price of any thing. This naturally led to the surmise that he had plenty of money. Near him lived another single man in a slab and bark hut; he was a shoemaker by trade, but in a small township like this his customers were but few, and his livelihood precarious. He was known to be as poor as his neighbor was supposed to be rich, and was as much dependent on the forbearance of his creditors as the other was on his ready money. Between these two solitary men, living on the river side, there sprung up a strangely intimate friendship; always after breakfast, often through the day, and regularly at night, they had their pipe together, sometimes with a pannikin of tea only, at others with a glass of grog. There was a dim mystery hanging over the supposed rich man's history; where he had come from, or how he had made his money, no one knew, and his churlish ways forbade any one to ask him; he and the shoemaker were all the world to each other, and beyond that neither seemed to care any thing. In this uniform but curious mode of life weeks and months passed away; the only difference observable being, that although Stevens, the shoemaker, had no more customers than formerly, he now seemed to have money always at command, and not only paid off his old scores but had ready money for all he needed.

One morning, however—it was in the winter season, and the Glenelg was rolling its turbulent waters, muddy and swift, down to the sea—the old man's hut was not opened; wood splitters passing by observed that the old hermit was not sunning himself and smoking his "cutty" as usual, and that night Stevens came running into the township, greatly excited, and calling on Mr. T—— at the inn, told him that not having seen old Jeffrey all day he had forced an entrance into the hut, but that the old man was not there, and what had become of him he did not know. A policeman, for H—— is a police station, was immediately sent to take charge of the hut until the magistrates should make inquiry. Some days after the inquiry was made, but nothing came of it, further than the suspicion that Jeffrey had met with foul play. Still nothing was proved, nor could be proved until the body could be found; for, eccentric as the old man was, who could say he had not got up in the night, and as suddenly started from H—— as he had once made his appearance there?

As soon as intelligence of this affair reached head-quarters at Melbourne the matter was placed in my hands, with instructions to exercise my own discretion in my proceedings, absolving me from all disgrace if I failed, and promising me one hundred pounds if I succeeded. My plan was adopted after much consideration, and I have no reason to regret the steps I took, as will be seen in the sequel. I took the little steamer *Western*, Captain Lucas, to Portland, 260 miles, and after stopping a day or two at Mac's celebrated hotel, I started by the mail for the far interior. After three days' journey I arrived at H—— as a "traveler" looking for a job of work; I had a tolerably heavy swag, and this with my pannikin and billy gave me all the appearance of a *bona fide* one. I went straight up to the bar, had my nobbler, lighted my pipe, and then sat down outside to consider my next movement. It was necessary I should have some one in my confidence, but I resolved not to trust the local police, as in these remote stations their life of idleness often makes them loafers and gossips. I resolved to call Mr. T——, the hotel keeper and postmaster, aside—he had been an officer in the army many years—and tell him my errand. I did so—never was secret better kept—and returned as if nothing had occurred. Toward evening the bar was pretty full, and I took the opportunity of saying publicly to Mr. T—— that I was out of work, that I was a groom, that I did not want to go on a station, and should be glad of a chance job. He at once told me to go to his stables, and tell his foreman to take me on as an extra stable hand. I gave Mr. T—— my swag to take care of; it contained my uniform, and my authority from head-quarters to act as a detective. He understood all, and that was sufficient.

As groom I remained here seven months; able for a long while to do nothing; but feeling more and more confident that the general suspicion of Stevens was well founded. Of course I became intimate with him, but only in the evenings when my work was done; in all respects I acted as an ordinary groom, receiving my weekly wages, and carefully avoiding every thing that might lead any one to suppose I was any thing but a groom. Often have I laughed within myself as a mounted trooper has ridden up, and called me to take his horse, and give him a feed; however, I kept my own counsel, and little by little light dawned upon my track. Over the never-failing pipe I had frequent conversations with Stevens about this old man; on such occasions he would generally fix his eyes upon the ground, which gave me the opportunity to watch him the more narrowly. I could then see the nervous twitchings of his face, the biting of his lip, and the sudden passing of his handkerchief across his brow, which convinced me that he knew more of this affair than I did. Frequently at the close of our conversations, in which Stevens was making these unconscious self-revelations, would he say—"I hate talking of this dismal subject, let's have another glass." On such occasions he always said—"I'll shout; you are only a groom, I can afford it better than you." Gradually he took to regular drinking; morning, noon, and night he was to be found at the bar. When joked about his finances he had his answer ready: he had sold his horse, or an old mate had called and given him some cash. So long, however, as he "shouted" freely few cared where the money came from. My eyes, however, were steadily fixed on his drinking habits as the clew to my researches. Summer was now coming on; though it was a late summer it was a regular hot Australian one; and in the course of a few weeks the Glenelg began to dry up, and its long chain of water-holes to appear. Now was the time for ascertaining whether the remains of the old man were to be found in any of the water-holes in the neighborhood of H——, and one evening as I was talking to Stevens about this I said—"You or I may as well try and find the remains of Jeffrey, and so lay claim to the Government reward." I noticed this gave him quite a turn; and although he tried to conceal it I saw that he trembled all over, and though generally very mild spoken, he got quite angry with me, and told me I might do what I liked, but he wasn't so fond of looking after dead men, especially if they were murdered. I replied: "No one said that Jeffrey was murdered; you have always said he made away with himself." "I thought so once, but now, the more I think over the matter, the more convinced I am that he was murdered." "That has to be proved," said I, "and to prove it we must first find the remains, and as the river dries up I have no doubt we shall find them in *one of the water-holes near his hut.*" This was not exactly a guess, but was a conclusion arrived at thus: First, Stevens was a slight-built man, and, supposing him to have been the murderer, could not have carried Jeffrey far; and secondly, every one knows that murderers seldom have nerve or forethought to carry their victims far from the scene of the murder. As soon as I had said this he became very pale, and quickly said—"Well, let's have a nobbler; I can't stand this everlasting talk about a murdered man." We had our glass and parted for the night; but my mind was already made up. Stevens, beyond doubt, was the murderer, and I must obtain the proof. I am not going to defend our code of morals. I admit that we often do evil that good may come; but society should not employ us to find out dark crimes if they mean to condemn us for our questionable methods of procedure. It was now late in January, and the weather was intensely hot. It was surprising to see how rapidly the Glenelg ceased to be a river, and how each day the water-holes became shallower and shallower. Prompted by me Mr. T—— obtained, from a neighboring magistrate, orders for the police to examine every water-hole within a mile on either side of old Jeffrey's hut. As soon as this was known Stevens was down at the bar trying, I suppose, to smother his memory in deep potations of whisky. Directly the police commenced searching the river I discharged myself, and having obtained my check, proceeded, or pretended, to spend it after the usual up-country fashion, which, as every body knows, means staying in the bar and shouting right off the reel. This I did not exactly do; I kept myself sober as a judge; behind the scenes I prompted every thing; through Mr. T—— I suggested every step that had hitherto been taken, and now I had only to wait the result of the searching and dragging these water-holes. Those who know the country know that this is no easy matter, and that it occupies considerable time. Sometimes only two or three could be searched in a day, on others more. While this was going on Stevens became almost a resident in the bar, seldom leaving it, but betraying the most intense and childish curiosity as to the result of the search. "Have they found any thing?" or, "Haven't they found any thing yet?" or, "Well, I should have thought they would have found something by this time," were expressions that frequently fell from his lips. It was, I think, the fourth day of search, and Stevens had been drinking hard all the time; on the afternoon of that day a sack was found with human remains in it at the bottom of a hole; and on the evening of that same day drink and excitement had rendered Stevens incapable of taking care of himself, and, at my suggestion, he was conveyed to the lock-up as drunk and disorderly. I too, though perfectly sober, affected to have been out on the spree, and was also locked up in the same place with Stevens, and my name also entered on the night-charge-list as drunk and disorderly. I never saw such a change in a man as came over Stevens when he found I was locked up with him. The effects of the drink were passing away owing to the strong mental excitement produced by the discovery of these remains; and no sooner was the lock turned on me than he clasped me by the hand as the "Groom that had always been so friendly," and began to cry piteously like a child. His thoughts were running on the murder, and I resolved to use the opportunity. To make this right I began—"I say, Stevens, do you know they have found the old man's body? It was in a sack, and the sack was weighted with stones; and one of the stones, they say, was your lapstone. The skull is broken in two places, so that it is plain he must have been murdered. What made you talk about him in your sleep just now?" "Did I? what did I say?" "You said if they would let you off you would show them where his money was." (This he had said in his sleep.) Upon this he gave a convulsive shriek, fell back upon the straw and exclaimed—"Yes, I killed old Jeffrey—but don't peach on me; they can only bring me up for being drunk and disorderly, and I'll give you half the money. I say, groom, you won't peach, will you? I will leave these parts. I have had too much whisky. Let me sleep; I'll tell you every thing to-morrow; but don't peach, and I'll make a clean breast of it." Before the morning broke he had confessed every thing to me. I had always been a good fellow, and he didn't mind telling Mr. T——'s groom every thing. He had entered the old man's hut at midnight, beat in his skull, put the body in a sack, and, fool that he was, put in his own lapstone along with other stones to make it sink, and had hid his money beneath the mud floor of his cottage. The next morning we were both brought before the magistrate of the district charged as aforesaid. On being asked what I had to say I handed the magistrate my authority to act as detective, and requested to be placed in the witness-box, as I had a charge of murder to bring against Stevens, who was there on the minor charge. In less time than it takes to tell this I had left the room, and greatly to the bewilderment of every one, especially of the local police, the well-known groom at H—— was in his uniform, bringing his charge against Stevens, founded on his own confession, of murdering the old hermit Jeffrey.

The sequel is soon told; my evidence hung Stevens, who again and again, previous to his execution, confessed not only this murder, but the murder of a mate in the bush some years back, with whom he was working on a station making a stake and rail fence.

A LOVE-TALE.

BY AN OLD FOGEY.

IT was the old story; fresh and new to Harry as the words fell from his fluent lips. Bless the lad! he thought his love-tale, his experiences, were quite novel, that mortal had never uttered the like before—it was just as if some one were telling me my own love-story, word for word, with the names changed. A young man with next to nothing had fallen deeply in love with the daughter of rich parents—they two had sworn eternal fidelity. How Harry clung to that pledge! He knew she would be true to him! I looked up at his face, I saw how hopeful and confident he was—well-a-day, years ago I too had been very hopeful, very confident, but—

"Why, father," he exclaimed—he often called me father—"how weak your eyes are!"

"They are not so young as they were, Harry," I replied, glad of the excuse; "I don't think these glasses quite suit me. So, my boy, you haven't said any thing to Brown yet?"

"Why, I haven't had a good opportunity, but perhaps to-morrow night—" he answered, hesitatingly.

It was agreed that Harry should call for me at my little bachelor box, and that we should go together to Brown's. He came at the appointed moment; the fellow never looked handsomer in his life; we did not speak much as we drove along. I recollect thinking that Brown ought to be proud of such a son-in-law.

I know that I was very nervous when we arrived at Brown's, and I fancy Harry was also. There was a look of greater display about the house than a "family dinner" required, for, although Brown is as rich as Crœsus, he is an essentially mean man, and never makes a display unless it is advantageous to do so.

Mrs. Brown was in the drawing-room, and received us with cold stateliness. Her dress was a magnificent triumph of cost over taste, and her manner told me in a moment that she had never intended us to be invited. Presently in came Brown and his daughter. Brown was very cordial in his manner, only I could see he did not mean it; he was profusely polite to Harry, engaging him in eager conversation, which prevented Harry from more than saying "How d'ye do?" to Fanny, who sat some way apart. She really is a very pretty girl, a charming figure, dark hair, dark, pensive eyes, a nose delicately *retroussé*—I wish I could describe faces; I can't, I can only say it was a face that went to your heart and stopped there—the red roses twined in that dark hair, and the misty white dress, it was a pretty sight, even to my old eyes.

Presently, bang bang! bang bang! at the house door.

In a moment Mrs. Brown's stately aspect forsook her, she grew very nervous, and Brown fidgeted about the room in an anxious manner.

The Honorable Mrs. Denby and Mr. Denby were announced.

They appeared to be mother and son, and were evidently people of great account, Mr. and Mrs. Brown being so wonderfully deferential in their greeting. I could see Mr. Denby's well-bred lip curl beneath the overwhelming attentions of Mrs. Brown; as for Brown himself, his head was totally lost—he introduced us under wrong names, talked wildly and at random about the weather, and at last subsided into hopeless silence on a spider chair.

Mrs. Denby's easy manner lulled the assiduities of Mrs. Brown, and they sat confidentially talking on a sofa, whence the murmur of their conversation fell on my ears.

As for that fellow Denby I took a dislike to the man at once; there was a superciliousness about him that greatly annoyed me.

Dinner was announced; Brown's head was off again.

To my astonishment I was thrust half-way toward the door with Mrs. Denby on my arm; Harry in the scramble had got hold of Fanny; when a false start was declared, the order of the company was changed, and Fanny was assigned to Denby.

"Treat you quite in a friendly way!" said Brown, pompously, addressing the company generally. I was out of patience to hear the man talk such nonsense. It was a most elaborate dinner; the table was arranged with charming fancies, delicately modeled, crowned with flower and fruit superstructures.

"Quite in a friendly way, ma'am," said Brown, addressing Mrs. Denby specially. I could see the smile which Mrs. Denby took care to hide from her host; she was evidently a woman of great tact; in a few minutes Brown was talking to her quite at his ease about the Stock Exchange.

Harry sat between Mrs. Denby and myself, she contrived to draw him into conversation—poor boy! I could see he was ill at ease; the centre ornament of the table completely shut him out from Fanny, who sat opposite with Denby.

I declare I was quite angry at the way that fellow Denby kept on talking to Fanny; I could see he completely bored her. I tried to divert his conversation to myself. I spoke to him upon every subject I could think of, but he only vouchsafed polite monosyllables to me and still kept on conversing with Fanny; and then Mrs. Brown attacked me on the flank and forced me to listen to her.

"Did I know Mr. This That? a very handsome man! and Mrs. The Other, such a beautiful woman! didn't I think so? and then her cousin the celebrated What's-her-name."

I told Mrs. Brown I was not acquainted with any of these people; but nothing could stop her conversation about fashionable folks. I was determined, however, not to be diverted from my resolution of breaking up Denby's conversation with Fanny. I based my attack upon the great political question; at last I observed that he began to listen to me with attention. I was never so wearied of an affair in my life, and was quite relieved when the ladies left us.

All this time Brown had been gradually getting quite at his ease. I take it that dinner is a great democrat and leveler of distinctions. Dinner, at least, had this effect upon Brown; he became quite at home with Denby, calling him "My boy! Old fellow!" toasting him as future chairman of the Underground Railroad Company. I could see that Denby winced under all this, but he was just as polite as his mother.

"It must be that the man is hard up and wants to borrow money," I thought; "that's the meaning, too, of all the attention he has been paying to Brown's daughter." At last Brown grew supremely confidential, and informed us of the cost of all the prominent objects in the room, from the fine dessert service on the table to the black old masters on the walls.

At length a move was made for the drawing-room; the two younger gentlemen had departed, and I was about to follow them, when Brown playfully detained me by the tails of my coat, and then, as I was such an old friend, he confided to me his plan for marrying his daughter to Denby, who was, he told me, the rich old Mr. Debtford's nephew, and would succeed to his wealth.

I could not trust myself to answer him. I was never more agitated in my life than when I entered the drawing-room. I found that Fanny was looking at some photographs which Harry was turning over for her; Mrs. Denby was also looking at the same photographs with great attention. I felt that that clever lady had discovered the real state of affairs. Denby was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Brown. I joined myself to the photograph party, and stood racking my head to find something that would entertain Mrs. Denby, and so allow the lovers a few words; but my lips were glued together and my head was a great blank. At last, to my relief, Brown came up and requested his daughter to sing. She readily obeyed, and went to the pianoforte, accompanied by Harry. I made a strong effort, and feigned intense enthusiasm for a photograph which was before Mrs. Denby.

"Magnificent effect, that doorway!" said I; "light and shade wonderful! the details perfect!" I was watching the lovers all the time I spoke; they were making the selection of the music an excuse for a few words.

"Very cleverly executed," said Mrs. Denby, in reply to my observations. "I recollect the scene perfectly." I glanced down at her. She was not looking at the photograph; her eyes were also devoted to the lovers. "Frederick!" she exclaimed, addressing her son. "Mrs. Brown, would you be kind enough to allow him? I want him to ask your daughter to sing that favorite song of mine—'Farewell,' I think it's called;" and giving her son a significant glance she took his place beside Mrs. Brown. Denby went immediately to the pianoforte. I declare I was in such a rage I could almost have quarreled with the man, when Brown came up and would make me listen to some stupid story. At last Harry left the piano-forte and whispered to me that we had better go, that our remaining was merely a useless distress to Fanny. We took leave with as good grace as possible. I could see triumph in Mrs. Denby's gray eyes as I bowed to her, and I saw how intently she watched Fanny as the girl hurriedly snatched her hand from Harry's lingering grasp.

We agreed that the only thing was for Harry to write to Brown immediately. When we got to my cottage I persuaded the boy to come in and stop the night. I lighted the candles in my little sanctum. Harry sat down at the table pen in hand. I took up a book, which I pretended to read in my arm-chair, but I was watching him all the time. He wrote and tore up, and wrote again, till the pen trembled in his hand. It came back to me with wonderful clearness that night of my life when I had been engaged in writing a letter of the same kind. I sympathized in the agitating, feverish anxiety which beset him, for I had experienced it years before.

"I can't tell what to write to Brown!" he exclaimed; "do try and assist me." I put down my book and came close to him. I dictated a sentence, which he wrote. "That's just what I wanted to say!" he exclaimed. The words seemed strangely familiar to me. I looked over his shoulder at what he had written. I remembered it in a moment; they were the words of my own letter years ago. "Do go on," said he, anxiously. It was not the want of words that kept me silent; the old words were ready enough on my tongue. I was puzzling out new thoughts and words. I could find no new thoughts; every sentence insensibly shaped itself to the old form. He kept urging me to dictate; and in the end there was my old letter rewritten, as it seemed to me, word for word.

It was with sad feelings that I conned over that letter to make corrections, Harry looking at it with the young feelings and young eyes with which I had looked at my former letter years ago. I suppose it was a tolerably good letter in its way, because Harry declared it expressed exactly what he had wished to say.

"It's all so true, so convincing!" he exclaimed. "That part where you hint at the uncertainty of wealth, the little value of high worldly position when life is so short—considerations like those must influence even a man like Brown."

Well, I could recollect in my day that I had scanned over and over again that bit of moralizing, and its incontestable truth had seemed, to my anxious eyes, certain to turn *her* father's heart; but the longer I now looked at the words through my glasses the more trite and unsatisfactory did they become.

I told him he must not be too sanguine.

"But that part of the letter is so true," he urged, with confidence.

"Quite true," I replied. "Why there's not a man living who would not readily confess that life was very short, that death makes quick ending of social distinctions; but you must not think that Brown's readiness to acknowledge that proposition will make one jot of difference to his thirst for worldly position and wealth."

He looked at me with mixed surprise and sadness.

"No, no, my boy," I continued; "logic is very pretty, but it don't rule men's lives. However, we may just as well chance the letter, only I don't want you to build too hopefully upon its effect."

So the letter was sent to Brown; Harry gave me Brown's answer to read a day or two after in my office. I read the result I had feared in his countenance, he was striving to be so very calm and self-possessed. Well, Brown's reply was very like the answer I had received years ago; I suppose in these love matters there is a set of stereotyped forms supplied to men's minds which they use and modify at their need. I thought to myself whether it would be any use for me to see Brown, and before I could determine whether it would be any use or not I was off.

It happened I was the very man Brown wanted to see; he had been on the point of sending for me; he had wished to have a talk about the Company; he had made an appointment with Denby, who would be with us in a few minutes. That man's name started me on my subject at once. I scarcely recollect the details of our conversation, I was so greatly excited; I believe in my desire to move him I recounted my own history, my early love and disappointment; how it had cankered my existence, the sorrow which had attended *her* marriage with the man she disliked. Brown stared at me with surprise in his stolid face. "You," said he—"you, such a plain, practical, business-man, I could not have believed it!" Brown was not to be changed. I promised to give Harry money, declared I would treat him as my son, but all in vain; and then I found I was talking in the strain of my letter about the vanity of wealth. I told him that we were both of us old, and I asked him if we were not sure to die in a few years?

"Certainly," he replied, with solemnity; "whenever God wills."

And then I asked him what was the worth, for the last few years of our lives, of feasting great folks who did not care for us.

Of course he took care to evade the answer, and this greatly provoked my anger, which was very absurd, considering what I had said on the subject to Harry; but a man can't be perfectly consistent at all times. I abruptly took leave of Brown, ruffled in temper, yet comforted in the conviction that if Harry's case was beyond my mending Brown had at least heard a few words of wholesome truth.

I must say that Harry behaved admirably under the circumstances; I made him come and stay at my house. He was very silent and thoughtful; we were neither of us inclined for much talking, and when he did speak it was not about his love affair. I had not been quite myself for the last month or so, and I declared that my doctor had recommended me to travel. He readily consented to be my companion, and we began to make arrangements for our tour. But Harry, after all, was not destined to be my companion this year. Three days after my interview with Brown, Harry burst into my room with a letter: he could not utter a word; he thrust the letter into my hand; it ran thus:

"Dear Harry,—Papa and mamma have consented to our marriage; come this evening.
"Ever yours,
"Fanny Brown."

Harry declared it was Fanny's writing: for the moment I almost thought it must be some wretched hoax. Harry did go to the Browns in the evening; Mr. and Mrs. Brown were very polite, though cold, but the marriage was agreed to.

I can safely affirm I was never more puzzled in my life than to discover the reason why the Browns had given their consent. I apologized to Brown for the warmth of my language; he was very polite, but cold, so was Mrs. Brown; their manner was just the same to Harry, and they evidently wished us both at the bottom of the sea. Harry, generous-like, would have it that my conversation with Brown, or perhaps a second reading of the letter, had touched their hearts; but this solution was not satisfactory to me.

Harry was to sleep at my cottage that night, and we left Brown's house together. He was in excellent spirits, so was I too; but happiness at my time of life always makes me rather sedate and meditative. I observed every now and then that Harry broke into a hearty laugh, which rather jarred upon my feelings. "What's the joke, my boy?" I inquired at last.

"I've found out why the Browns gave in," he replied.

"Out with it, Harry," said I, impatiently.

"You will never be able to look Brown in the face without laughing."

"I don't mind if that's to be the only penalty."

"Well," said he, "when my letter arrived at the Browns' there was a tremendous disturbance; they tried every method to make Fanny give me up—coaxing, persuading, threatening. Mrs. Denby, too, was brought up to the attack, and very skillfully did she allude to the effect Fanny's youth and beauty would make in the great world, and all the court and honor that would be paid her. One morning Mrs. Brown discovered that I had written several letters to Fanny; these she confiscated, and carefully placed under lock and key in her own particular and sacred desk."

I felt indignant at this; but Harry, to my great surprise, only laughed.

"The evening of that day," he continued, "Fanny was by herself in the back drawing-room, when her father suddenly entered with the packet of letters in his hand, which he requested her to return to me herself, and also to write a note saying that our affair had come to an end. Fanny of course expostulated; and then Mr. Brown said that he had just glanced at one or two of the letters as he came down from Mrs. Brown's room, and that he had never read such precious stuff."

I declared that Brown had no right to read the letters.

"I think perhaps he had," said Harry, bursting into a positive fit of laughter. "He declared they were precious stuff, recollect that—love in a cottage, and that sort of folly. Presently he took up another letter, and after fumbling at it with his glasses he exclaimed in a state of great indignation, 'Why, Fanny, this is too bad! scandalous! the fellow positively asks you to run away!'"

"Harry," said I, seriously, "you never told me about this running-off scheme—you must know that I don't approve of such things."

"Fanny would never have agreed," he replied.

"Then I am surprised that you should have written such a letter."

"Fanny was surprised too, I can assure you; she snatched the letter from her father's hand and took it to the light of the window."

"'Whose is this letter, papa?' she exclaimed. 'It's not Harry's handwriting!'

"'Don't tell me!' said Mr. Brown, angrily.

"'Why, papa! it can't be; yes, yes it is though, here's the date; why it must be a letter of yours to mamma!'

"The fact is," continued Harry, who was almost choked with laughing, "Mr. Brown had been all the while criticising his own love-letters, which Mrs. Brown had in the confusion of the moment and darkness of the room taken from her desk instead of mine."

"Fanny says she was at first somewhat puzzled by the writing, her father's hand having so greatly changed since he wrote those letters, when he was quite a young man."

Harry went on to say that Brown was overwhelmed with astonishment, and could not be brought for a long time to believe that he had ever written the letters, declaring, notwithstanding the evidence of the writing, that he never could have been such a fool. Mrs. Brown was equally astonished; she managed with some difficulty to call to mind that many years previously she had sorted out some old letters, burning some, and keeping others. It was evident she had preserved Mr. Brown's early letters, though she had quite forgotten having done so.

It gradually transpired that Mr. and Mrs. Brown's early attachment had been most imprudent in a worldly point of view—that they had absolutely married without a penny, and had to be supported by relations for some years.

This sudden resurrection of long-buried feelings and sentiments had its effect on Mrs. Brown; in addition to that, the old arguments which had been used against Fanny were no longer available; and at last, after many entreaties, Mr. and Mrs. Brown reluctantly gave up their cherished plan of forming a grand alliance for their daughter.

Harry and Fanny were married the next day. Mrs. Brown wept immensely; every body said it was so natural, a mother losing her daughter. Mr. Brown declared "it was the happiest day of his life," but he looked most grievously solemn.

A SOLDIER'S DIARY.

Mr. Editor,—I send you a bit of veritable history—a leaf from a soldier's diary in the last campaign. The testimony of an eye-and-ear witness, the personal record and experience of one man is always valuable. But every man in the army has his story or report to give. Collect a hundred thousand such reports, and you have the history of a campaign. Not the dry official report of the general or corps commander, nor even the flaming rhetorical descriptions of "our correspondent." Here, as nothing was done for glory, so nothing is written for effect. But the simple incidents of a soldier's life, told naturally as they fell out, are forever linked with the brightest and the darkest page in a nation's history.

To the writer, of course, and to his family and friends, not to the great public, such a record is most valuable. It will instruct the present, and be an heir-loom to future generations. And to himself it remains a cherished memento of dear-bought experience. A note taken on the spot is a wonderful refresher of memory. The mere telling from day to day of what he did and where he was brings up a host of incidents, a thousand associations, just as the items of a business man's experience lay open at a glance his whole plan and economy of life. All common men in the midst of great actions are poets, and write poetically; that is, truthfully. A bold stroke or two, no matter how rough the writing may be, paints the image to the mental eye, and gives the scenery of war and battle. And as the scene changes and shifts, and unrolls itself to the gaze of the actor and spectator, he is made a participant in all the fortunes of the fight, in all the passions of the combatants, while the glory or disgrace of the action is keenly felt as his own. In after-life he lives over again in memory the battles through which he passed, and how he fought all day and marched all night in one of those flank movements which his General was so famed for executing. He remembers that in such an action or skirmish a bullet ticked him, and a comrade was either wounded or killed; that on such a night he worked in the trenches in the rain, or was detailed as picket-guard; and that another time he lay with his regiment a long time under a broiling sun, and lay close to keep clear of rebel bullets and shells falling thick about him. He is fond of telling over "hair-breadth" escapes, his "moving accidents" by flood and field, and his particular "peril" in the "imminent deadly breach." In short, the whole art of writing or story-telling, to the private soldier, consists in putting the greatest quantity of life and action into the fewest possible words.

April 13.—Pleasant morning.—Left for our regiment at 8 o'clock; marched to Alexandria at 10 o'clock; took the cars, got to our regiment at Rappahannock station at 5 o'clock.

April 17.—Sunday.—Cloudy, cold morning.—Worked all day building our tents.—Cleared off in the afternoon—heavy fall of snow on the mountains.

April 18.—Cold morning.—Finished our house and moved into it—four of us ——— all together.

April 22.—Frosty morning, but pleasant.—The regiment presented Colonel Woodard with a splendid horse, saddle, and bridle, worth $305.

May 4.—Started for the front.—Marched across the Rapidan at 9 o'clock; camped and got our breakfast; marched to the front and camped for the night.

May 5.—Drawn up in line of battle.—Marched into the woods and laid down.—Four companies went out skirmishing.—At 9 o'clock, drawn up in line of battle; 12 o'clock, charged the rebel lines.—Lost a good many boys.—Colonel Woodard wounded.

May 6.—Started at 4 o'clock; marched out two miles to the rebel lines, formed in line of battle, and laid down.—Laid all day: shells passed over us pretty thick.—Rebs charged our right wing: drove it in.—Withdrew to our breast-works.

May 7.—At sunrise the rebs made a charge on our centre, but we drove them back: sharp-shooters firing at us, we charged on them and drove them back to their breast-works.—They shelled us all day.—Left at 9 o'clock to reinforce the left wing.

May 8.—Marched all night down through Spottsylvania.—Went into the fight at 10 o'clock, made two charges on the rebs, got drove back—loss very heavy.—Rested.—Ordered out in front: only 200 men left.—Stand picket all night.

May 9.—Pleasant morning.—Started early, marched out, formed a line of battle.—Laid down.—Laid all day in the hot sun, with our straps on.—Attacked the rebs a little before night, drove them back, then laid down and slept.

May 10.—Pleasant morning.—The battle commenced anew at noon, lasted till 9 o'clock, when we passed to the front to support the skirmishers.—Staid there until dark; drew back, lay down for the night.

May 11.—Cloudy, looks like rain.—Skirmish firing commenced early.—Just commenced to rain a little.—Ten o'clock, moved back into the woods, and stopped.—Laid there all day and all night, until 4 o'clock.—Rained nearly all night.

May 13.—Started at daylight, marched one mile, stopped and wrote a letter home at 11 o'clock.—Built a line of breast-works—rained a good deal—put up tents and laid down.—Called up at 10 o'clock, and marched all night in the mud.

May 14.—Stopped at 5 o'clock, made our coffee, and ate our breakfast.—Laid there all day and all night; rained a good deal.—Drew three days' rations.—A good deal of fighting through the day: got shelled some.

May 17.—Cloudy.—All quiet along the lines this morning.—Sick to-day: building fortifications.

May 18.—Warm morning.—The battle opened at sunrise; very heavy artillery firing.—Fired all the forenoon.—Got letters from home—sent a letter home.—Threatening rain.—Go on picket: rained some in the night.

May 19.—Cloudy.—All quiet on the line.—Our boys changed papers with the rebs this morning.—Wrote a letter home.—Relieved from picket at 9 o'clock: laid behind breast-works all night.

May 23.—Cloudy and cool.—All quiet this morning.—We are in Bowling Green, beginning to move forward.—Marched nine miles, forded the North Anna River at 2 o'clock.—The rebs attacked us at 6 o'clock.—Fought an hour and a half: whipped them.

May 28.—Pleasant morning.—Started at sunrise, marched 10 miles, crossed the Pamunky River, and formed a line of battle: threw up breast-works.

June 3.—Rainy morning.—The battle opened at six o'clock.—Continual roar of musketry and artillery until evening: rained all the time.—I was on the skirmish line from 9 till 5: balls and shells fell thick all around me.

June 6.—Cloudy, but warm. Stopped at 6 o'clock near Cold Harbor.—Cooked our breakfast, washed, got a letter from home: ordered to pack up and go on picket at evening.—Got a good night's sleep.

June 7.—Cool and cloudy.—The boys go in swimming in the mill-pond.—Went out on picket at 8 o'clock: relieved at sundown.—Marched five miles and bivouacked for the night.

That will do for the present. The notes have a sameness, like the duties which the soldier has to perform. But they give some idea of a campaign which the boys commonly describe as "forty days under fire." O ye civilians and pen-and-ink generals, who manage the war at home and sketch imaginary campaigns over cigars and wine and the daily papers, while you speculate on the rising glory of the country, and the great names of the war, never forget the poor private soldier, nor despise these "short and simple annals" of his existence!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Irishman in Scotland.—Sorr, there is a river that requires milk an' sugar before ye'd dhrink a dhrop of it. What is it? Sure 'tis the river *Tay*.

Explosion at Rome.—It is our painful duty to record a terrific explosion which has occurred at the Vatican. This accident arose from want of caution on the part of the Pope and the College of Cardinals in projecting a fulminating composition which they had been some time engaged in preparing for the demolition of all modern ideas. Almost before the destructive mixture had left their hands it blew up with a noise which was heard all over Europe, and morally brought the venerable edifice in which they were assembled about their ears.

The Last Novelty in Amorous-ism.—One of our most eminent oculists has just performed a successful operation on a gentleman who had a lady in his eye.

A Literary Mem.—One fault leads to many, but an author's only chance of avoiding errors is to have slips.

Very Natural.—Speaking of the imaginative nature of woman, a certain writer says: "The only time a woman does not exaggerate is when she's talking of her own age."

The Pre-Adamite Period—Lizard Point to the Isle of Man.

Two in One—A servant girl, who is often "the maid and the magpie" as well.

An Appropriate Toast.—At an election dinner at Kidderminster—a place celebrated for its manufacture of carpets—this toast was proposed by a townsman: "May the trade of our town always be *trodden under foot.*"

One for Jack.—Why should the capture of Fort Fisher be credited to the navy?—Because it was taken by *a salt* (assault).

A young lady was told by a married lady that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Falls into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom."

Pat, what's the best *way* of traveling?—Troth, sure, an' isn't it the "rale" way (*railway*)?

Chemical Analysis.—A Scotch laird, on a market-day in Kilmarnock, went into a tavern with a friend, and ordered some whisky. The waiter, when he set down the measure, asked if they wished to have water along with the spirits. "Na," said the laird; "had ye no better try to tak' out the water that's in't already?"

It was proposed to tax ladies corsets, but it was objected to, on the ground that such a tax would diminish consumption.

Old Rowe kept a hotel, where, as he used to say, you could get any thing that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee, and stepping up to the bar, asked old Rowe what he could give him for dinner. "Any thing, Sir," said old Rowe, "any thing, from a pickled elephant to a canary bird's tongue." "Wa'al," said the Yankee, eying Rowe, "I guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant." "Well, we've got 'em; got 'em all ready, right here in the house, but you'll have to take a whole 'un, 'cause we never cut 'em." The Yankee "thought he would take some codfish and potatoes."

It is well known that the philosopher Thales believed water to be the first principle. Query: Was Thales a milkman?

Don't sleep with your coat on, or its nap and yours will be taken together.

A Spiritual Joke.—A captain of a militia company, encamped at Camp Hall, discovered a canteen of whisky in the possession of one of his men, a night or two ago, and at once confiscated the fluid. He placed it in his tent, and went out to invite some of his brother officers to partake of the spiritual comfort. Returning with his shoulder-strap friends, who smacked their lips in anticipation of the treat, the canteen was reversed over the tin cups, and the health of the gallant Captain C—— was proposed. The captain was the first to taste, but he quickly spirted the fluid from his mouth, and exclaimed, "By thunder, some one has changed the whisky to water!" There was a laugh among the privates, but the captain did not join in it.

Parenthesis in Prayer.—A pastor of a small congregation of dissenters in the west of Scotland, who in prayer often employed terms of familiarity toward the great Being whom he invoked, was addressing his petition in the season of an apparently doubtful harvest, that He would grant such weather as was necessary for ripening and gathering in the fruits of the ground; when, pausing suddenly, he added, "But what need I talk? when I was up at the Shotts the other day every thing was as green as leeks."

A Doctor's Epitaph.—Doctor I. Letsome wrote the following epitaph for his own tombstone; but it is not likely that he allowed his friends, or at least his patients, to read it until he was under the turf, or out of practice:

When people's ill they comes to I;
  I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em.
Sometimes they lives, sometimes they die;
  What's that to I? I. Letsome (let's 'em).

Abernethy's Prescription.—An Irishman called in great haste upon Dr. Abernethy, stating that, "Be jabers, my boy Tim has swallowed a mouse." "Then, be jabers," said Abernethy, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

A **Spanish** watchmaker, we learn from a contemporary, has recently constructed a watch that only requires winding up once a year. We should fancy the promoters of joint-stock companies (limited) would be very glad to get hold of the secret, as their works don't run as long as that in most instances.

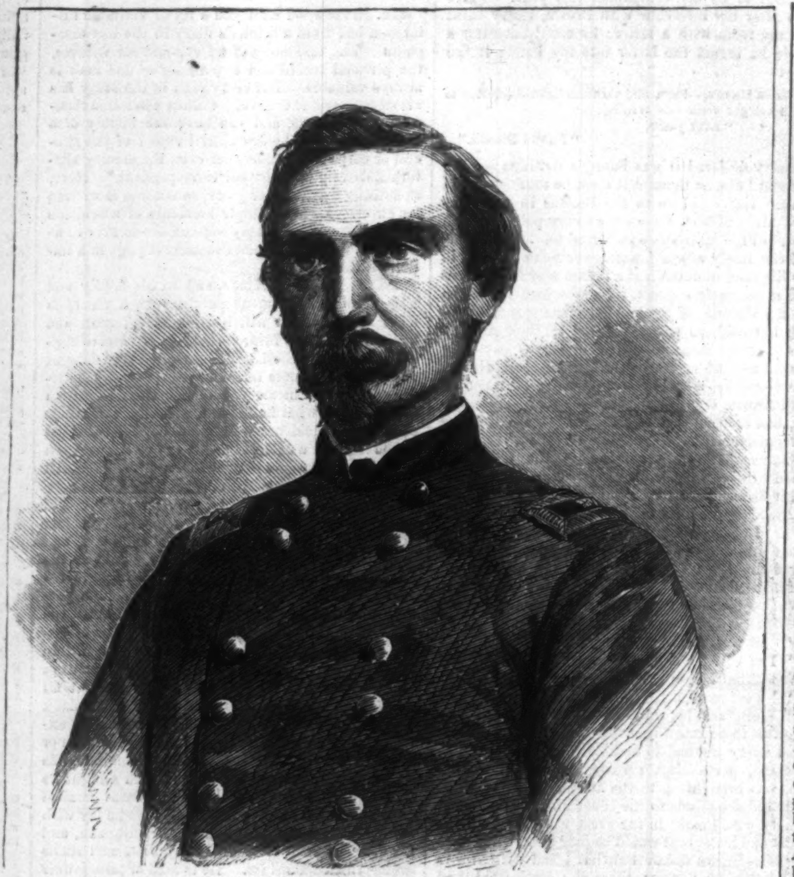
A Doctor's Reason.—A practitioner being asked by his patients why he had put up so many ingredients into his prescription, is said to have answered, more facetiously than philosophically, "In order that the disease may take which it likes best."

"Cato, what do you think is the reason that the sun goes toward the South in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand the 'clemency of de Norf, and so am 'blige to go to the Souf, where he 'speriences warmer longitude."

A wag seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying she "outstripped" the whole party.

A Strange Fact.—That people of "loose" habits should be so often "tight."

Musical.—We know several fiddlers who are now suffering from *violint* coughs!



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADELBERT AMES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GENERAL ADELBERT AMES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADELBERT AMES is a native of Maine. He entered the Academy at West Point in 1858, and was commissioned, May, 1861, Second Lieutenant, Second United States Artillery. He was immediately afterward promoted to First Lieutenant of the Fifth Artillery. He participated in the siege of Yorktown in the Peninsula campaign, and for distinguished services rendered on that occasion was brevetted Captain in the Regular Army. For other meritorious services in the battles of Malvern Hill and Garnett's Farm he was brevetted Major July 1, 1862.

In August he was commissioned Colonel of the Twentieth Maine, and in the subsequent campaign of the Army of the Potomac won considerable reputation as an officer. He was commissioned Brigadier-General May 20, 1863. During General GRANT'S Virginia campaign General AMES has commanded, first the Third Division of the Tenth Corps, and afterward the Second. When the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps were reorganized he was placed in command of the Third Division of the Twenty-fourth. General AMES'S Division was prominently engaged in the assault on Fort Fisher.

DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL RAM "SAVANNAH."

THE rebel ram *Savannah* was blown up by the enemy on the night of our occupation of Savannah. The sketch from which we have engraved an illustration of the scene was taken by Captain BATCHEL, of the Signal Corps. Captain BATCHEL describes the scene as having been one of uncommon grandeur. The vessel was fired by the rebel crew just before leaving her. She burned for some time before the fire was communicated to her magazine, when she blew up. The shock was very perceptible in the city and for many miles around. She is not, however, so complete a wreck as the rebels designed to make her.

GENERAL A. H. TERRY.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. H. TERRY, commanding the military division of the expedition against Fort Fisher, is a native of Connecticut, not more than thirty-five years of age. He was a lawyer by profession, but devoted considerable attention to military matters. He commanded one of the best militia regiments of Hartford. He answered the first call for men in this war, his regiment, the Second Connecticut, being among the first in the field. He took part in the first battle of Bull Run under KEYES of TYLER'S Division. The Second Connecticut was enlisted for three months, and at the expiration of its term of service TERRY took command of the Seventh Connecticut, which belonged to the command of General T. W. SHERMAN in the expedition against Port Royal. TERRY was prominent in the siege operations on Tybee Island, which resulted in the capture of Fort Pulaski. For distinguished services on this occasion he received the appointment of Brigadier-General, to date from April 25, 1862. He led a brigade of the Tenth Corps in the battle of Pocotaligo, South Carolina, in October, 1862, and subsequently, under General GILLMORE, served in the capture of Morris Island, at the siege of Charleston. The Tenth Corps, in which he commanded the First Division, was subsequently transferred to the James; and when GILLMORE was relieved of command, Terry succeeded him, though he afterward yielded to the more pressing claims of the late General BIRNEY. His conduct in the rebel assault on the Darbytown road last summer saved the corps from a serious reverse. After BIRNEY'S death the Tenth and Eighteenth corps were consolidated, forming the Twenty-fourth, and the command of the First Division was assigned to General TERRY. General TERRY was not in the first expedition against Fort Fisher, which failed. But he commanded in the second, which succeeded, and will always be connected with the glorious event of Jan. 15, 1865, whatever laurels he may hereafter win.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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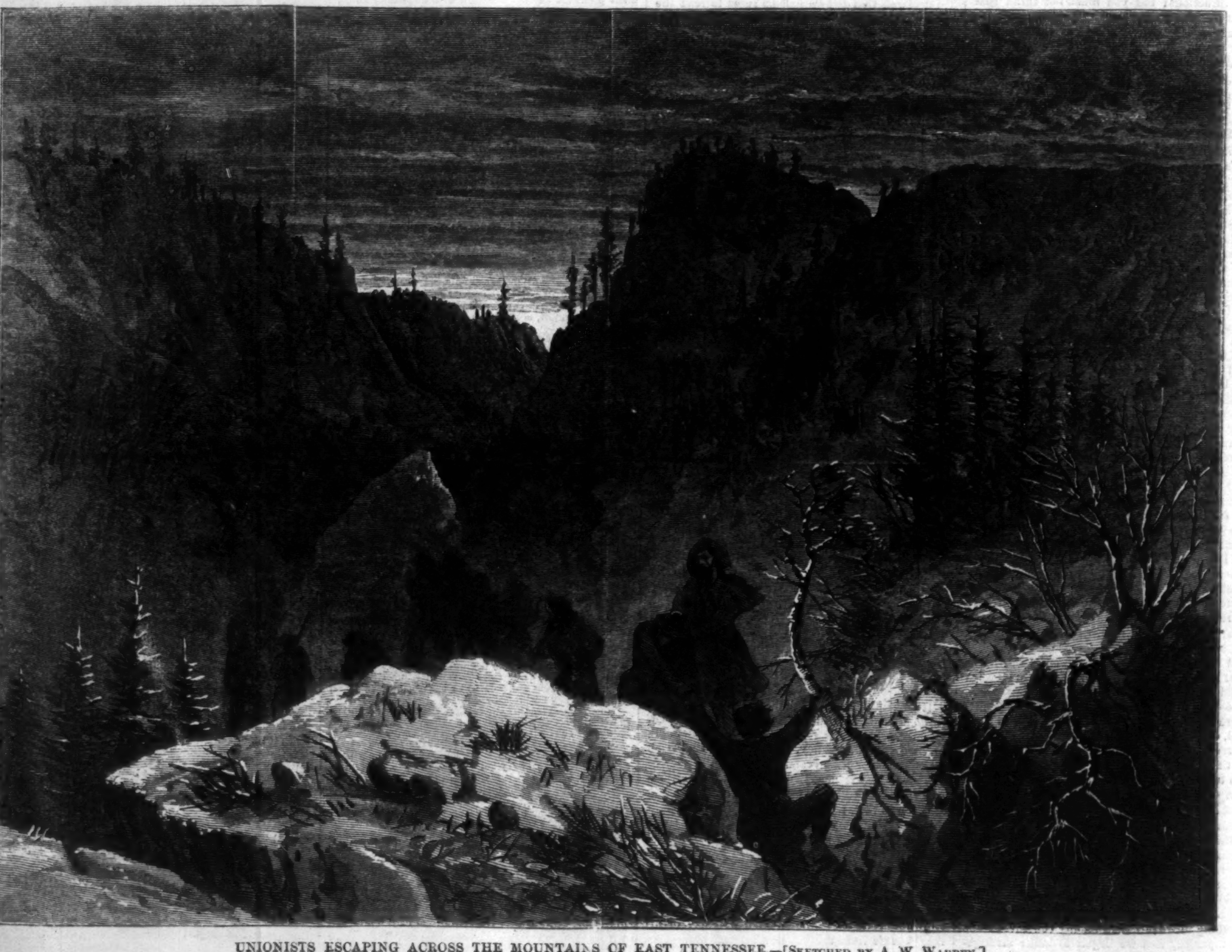
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

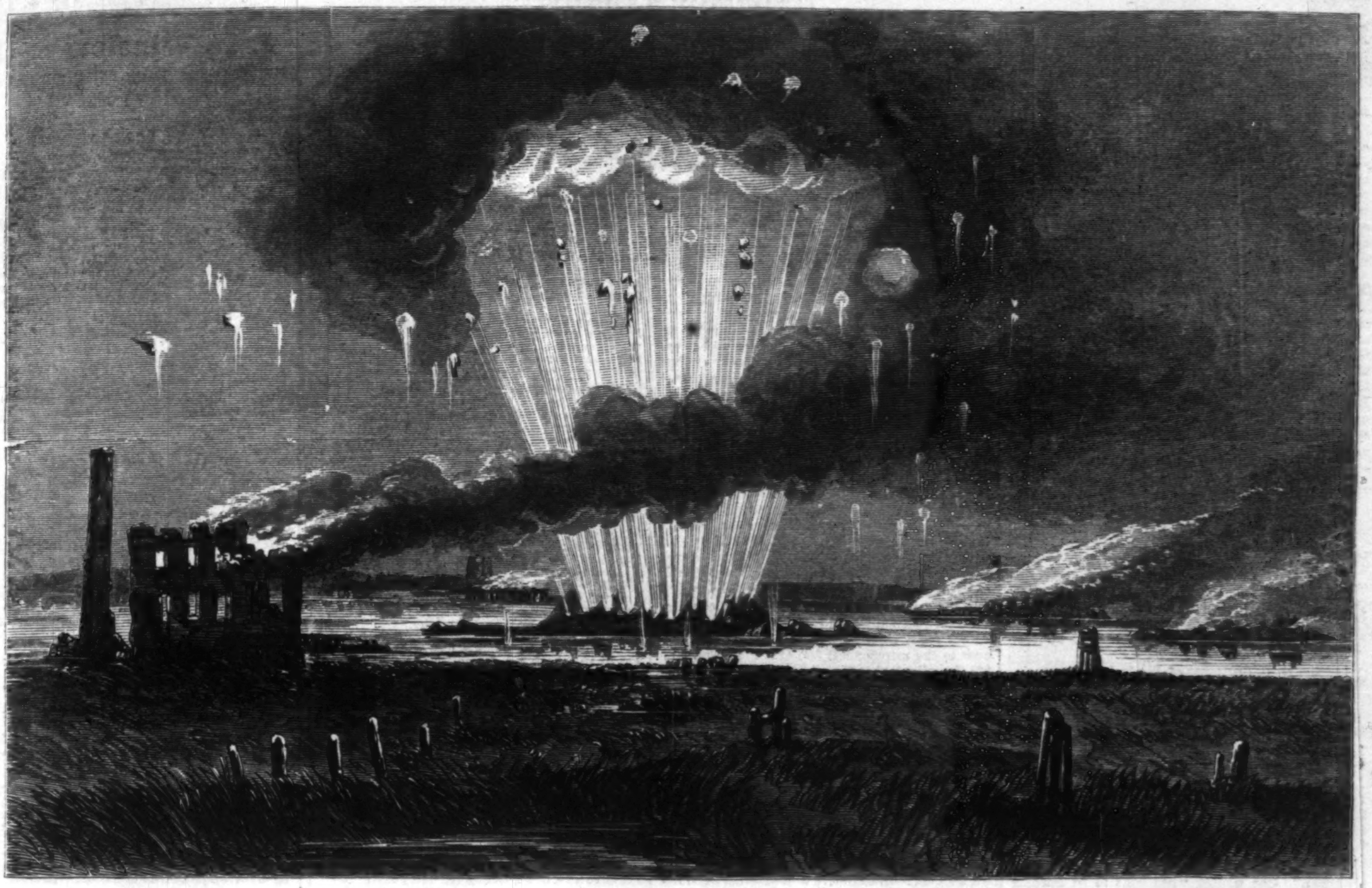
THE Old World can not boast of a more glorious capitol than that owned by the freemen of the United States. The rotunda is a fit shrine for those old Revolutionary paintings by the Revolutionary hero, TRUMBULL. The dome, rising in beautiful symmetry, is the beacon of liberty to the country, lifted up so high that the freedom-born shaft of Bunker Hill might be placed within it, with many feet to spare above its summit. Within the same marble edifice sit almost enthroned the legislators of our country in the most elegant of chambers. One would conceive that there were architectural attractions enough here to bring all our *patres conscripti* to their seats at the hour of *twelve*. But too frequently do the Speaker and Vice-President call their respective bodies to order at this hour without a quorum. Yet why should not lassitude prevent men from attending to their duties who load the desks before them with the boots which are defacing the nation's furniture? But the expiring Thirty-eighth Congress has its SUMNER, COLFAX, CLARKE, FOOT, COLLAMER, GRIMES, STEVENS, and the WASHBURNES, to whom the nation is indebted for a faithful and earnest discharge of their duties.

A visit to the national capitol is incomplete without a look around the Congressional Library. For while the library of Yale College contains less than fifty thousand volumes, the capitol library contains over sixty thousand. Yet the arrangement is so compact and nice that a guess would probably come far short of the proper figure. The books are all arranged according to their subjects. This was done by THOMAS JEFFERSON after the Baconian system. To the three grand divisions of mental activity, memory, reason, imagination, correspond respectively history, philosophy, and the fine arts. Each of these grand divisions is divided and subdivided. For instance, history is divided into the civil and natural departments, and so forth. Newspapers are classified under the department of civil history. Our curiosity prompted us to go behind the scenes, and examine how great a museum of American newspapers is on file in our nation's library. Alas! out of the very few we do not recollect any set complete from their origin. But the London *Times* is here in ponderous tomes complete from its foundation. The suggestion was forcibly brought home to us that the United States are rich enough in the style and character of their newspaper press to have files of the principal papers throughout the land carefully kept in the capitol library. Did only the votaries of the press derive benefit therefrom, that profession is large enough to have its "reports" carefully treasured up here.

Upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle the "Baltimore Dépôt" deserves a passing reflection. Were a hackman to oblige his passengers to alight in a mud-puddle he would do something similar to the

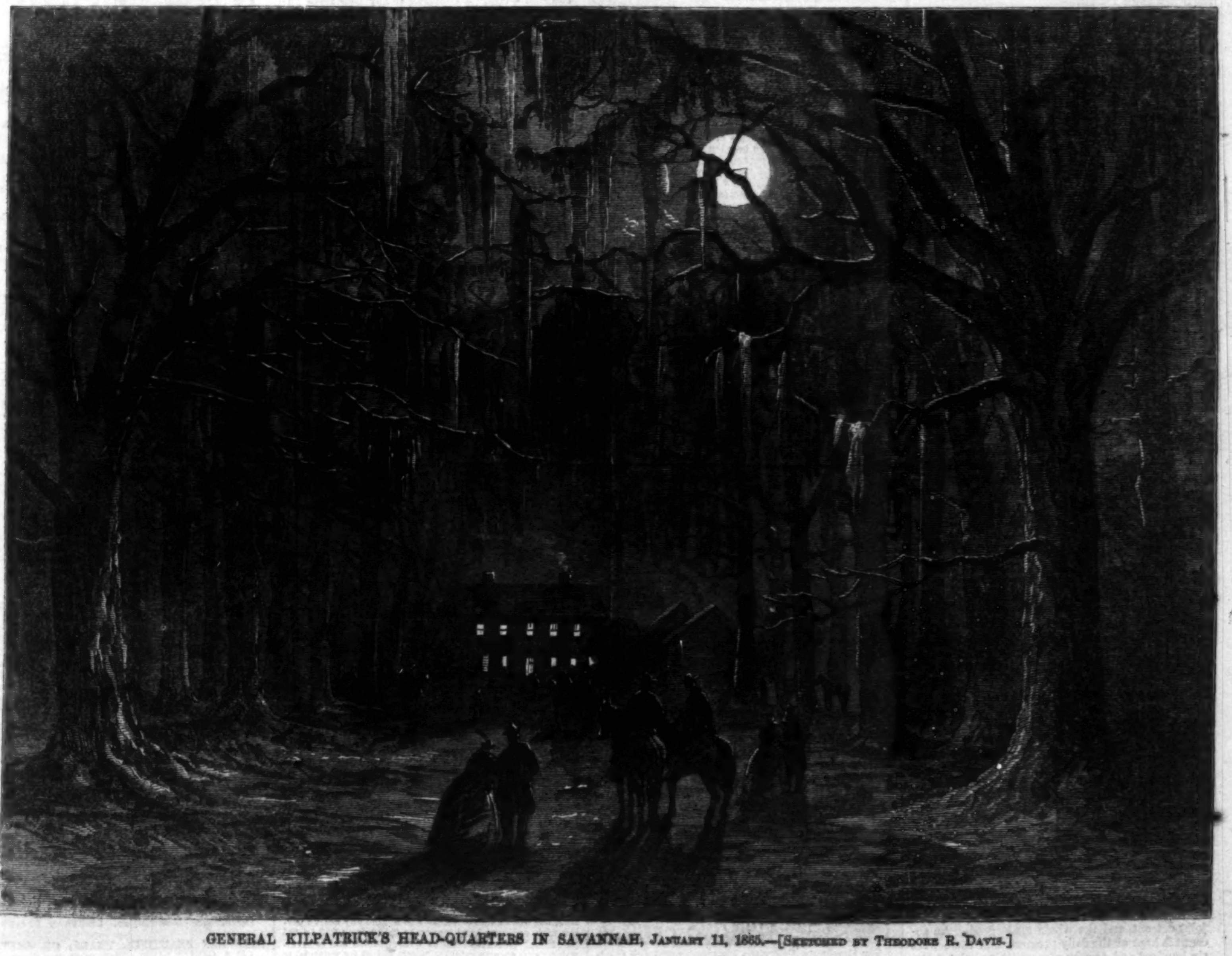


UNIONISTS ESCAPING ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS OF EAST TENNESSEE.—[SKETCHED BY A. W WARREN.]



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL RAM "SAVANNAH" BY THE ENEMY ON THE EVE OF THE FEDERAL OCCUPATION OF SAVANNAH.—[Sketched by Captain Batchel.]

Railway Company that lands its passengers in the so-called "Baltimore Dépôt." In respect to appearance it might do for a City Point where the soldier does not care for looks. But in respect to convenience any quarter-master would return it as unfit for service. But we are giving too many words to such an affair, yet the American visiting his own capital must feel that the spot where he first sets foot on the consectated ground of his nation should not suffer in comparison with the elegant stations at the capitals of France and England. The laws of association suggest to the traveler the hotel together with the dépôt, yet for another reason they might be thought of at the same time. For hotel life in Washington is a bar-room life emphatically. There has been too great a delicacy among writers in criticising the public-house habits at the capital. The following, taken from a daily paper, shows how respectable such life is made, and where the reform must begin: "Senator ——, of ——, had a bar-room



GENERAL KILPATRICK'S HEAD-QUARTERS IN SAVANNAH, January 11, 1865.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

fight in Washington Thursday, and was knocked down by his opponent." Neal Dows and John B. Goughs are not so much needed to effect a reform as a higher tone of popular feeling respecting such things at the capital. Barnum may laugh at the Washington Monument as the humbug of Washington; but there is a moral slough in this city more shameful than this stump of an unfinished Washington Monument, and darker and fouler than the natural one from which the elder Adams redeemed the pride of the country—Pennsylvania Avenue.

But let us change the atmosphere, and, crossing the Potomac at the Aqueduct Bridge, enjoy this beautiful winter's prospect of the capital from Arlington Heights. We get a fine view from the piazza of the Custis Mansion, now left alone and an untenanted possession of the Government. As we walked through that grand oak forest an army of crows were cawing their ill bodings to him whose late home crowns the eminence. The grounds about the Custis Mansion are occupied as a graveyard for Union soldiers, while in the house itself is the head-quarters of the captain superintending.

We pass by Forts Albany, Corcoran, and others, crowning these heights with their high flags afloat, and, as a more interesting and instructive object, devote our time to "Freedman's Village," a colony of eighteen hundred liberated slaves. It is under the control of Government, and a sentinel takes your "pass." You scarcely enter before you perceive in their countenances of joy that both old and young appreciate the opportunities they have here for getting an education and learning the arts of civilization. Here we see the deserted Lee Mansion and the happy Freedman's Village side by side. "How are the mighty fallen!" The master and freedman have exchanged places. "What God hath wrought!" is the message which now comes over the Potomac from Arlington Heights.

Mr. H. E. Simmons, of Rhode Island, superintends the schools here. He is assisted by half a dozen male and female assistants, and a casual call at the school convinces one that the children of Ham can become bright scholars. But Freedman's Village has another and quite as powerful teacher in that well-known lecturess—Sojourner Truth. We found this veteran laborer for the slave in one of the little cottages, her hands *in the flour*. We congratulated her upon the rescue of this fragment, like that of the Israelites from the land of Egyptian darkness. But Sojourner replied with energy that this was only a "large Government poor-house." She wanted "her folks to be learning habits of economy, to be earning something, to become real Yankees." We bought one of Sojourner's pictures, and she desired our autograph in her memorandum-book, in which a few days before had been inscribed, "For Aunty Sojourner Truth, A. Lincoln." Some horse-cars labeled "Colored persons not admitted" collect fares from far less sensible ones than honest, earnest, and God-worshiping Sojourner Truth.

Washington, *January*, 1865. C. P. O.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The new Atlantic Telegraph Cable is in rapid progress at the works of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, formerly Glass & Elliot's, at East Greenwich. This work, if successfully completed, will be the triumph of the century; and to the accomplishment of this end the engineer and the electrician are exhausting their combined energies. It is not chiefly the powerful machinery by which fourteen miles of the "core," or gutta-percha coated copper wire, are worked up into cable every day that excites our astonishment, but the more minute and complex operations—those, for instance, by which tons of material during the manufacture must undergo the trial of those exquisite instruments over which the man of science bends watchfully hour after hour, ready not only to detect a fault, but to apprise the engineers at what exact distance in the cable it has occurred.

The core of the cable is fabricated from iron wire and Manila yarn, which is afterward steeped in a seething compound of tar and gutta-percha. A section of the perfected cable measures an inch and one-eighth in diameter, the seven conducting wires lying close together in the middle. These wires are surrounded by layers of gutta-percha. This is then covered with an additional protection consisting of ten closely-twisted strands, having iron wire in the middle. Fifty tons of this iron wire are used every week in combination with Manila at the rate of six and a half tons per day. The wire is twisted around by machinery from bobbins, the machines each turning out 140 miles of the Manila-covered wire in a day. As it is twisted it goes through the hot solution of tar and gutta-percha above mentioned, when it is passed through a trough of water to cool it. The noise of the machinery in the factory where this process goes on is absolutely deafening. It should be observed that before being worked into cable by the ten strands of wire and yarn the core is wrapped in a twisted fold of jute.

From the gutta-percha works the cable is then carried to the Morden Wharf factory. Here the core is received on large reels, and is sunk in circular openings, which are then filled up with water. From first to last, we may here observe, the cable is in all its processes of formation at this factory kept in water, that any flaw in the coating may the more quickly be made apparent. For twelve hours the coils of core are subject to electrical tests, their continuity being ascertained and their complete isolation proved beyond a doubt. The joining of the ends is a very delicate operation, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred if any fault is detected it is found in one of the joints. Hitherto the superintendents of this anxious work have been very fortunate; but it has sometimes happened that a great length of cable has had to be uncoiled, the defective joint cut out, and the whole made good. An account is kept of the daily progress, and there were six hundred and twenty-nine miles completed December 16, 1864. More than twelve miles are added daily, so that now there are over a thousand miles completed. The distance from the west coast of Ireland to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, is one thousand six hundred and forty nautical miles. Two of the eight tanks are nearly full, and will soon be ready for embarkation by the *Amethyst* and *Iris*, two ghostly-looking hulks which lie alongside, near the wharf. The decks of these vessels have been knocked about considerably, and in great part got rid of, to make room for tanks in which the cable will be stowed in the same manner as at the factory. The hulks, when laden, will be towed to the Medway, where the *Great Eastern* is now lying, with three enormous tanks on board, occupying, by comparison with the surrounding bulk, so little space as to deceive experienced eyes as to their actual dimensions. The *Iris* and the *Amethyst* have each two tanks on board. They will have to make nine trips to get all the cable alongside the "big ship."

Mr. Canning and Mr. Clifford, under whose control the operations have been conducted at East Greenwich, will accompany their precious charge on board the *Great Eastern*, and will direct the laying of the cable across the Atlantic Ocean. Our statement of the mileage of perfected cable gives but little idea of the length of all the materials taken separately. For example, to make up the 2300 miles of cable which, allowing for various contingencies, will be required, 16,000 miles of copper wire are used. The insulating material is equal to an aggregate length of 18,400 miles; the jute, being in ten strands, will extend to 23,000 miles, which will also be the length of the iron wire; and as each wire is separately covered with five twists or strands of yarn, 135,000 miles of the latter will be worked into the cable, making together a length of material which amounts to 215,500 miles. What these figures really signify may be understood by reference to the astronomical fact that the distance of 237,000 miles is that from the earth to the moon.

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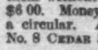

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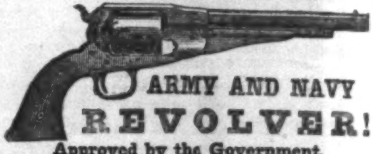

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